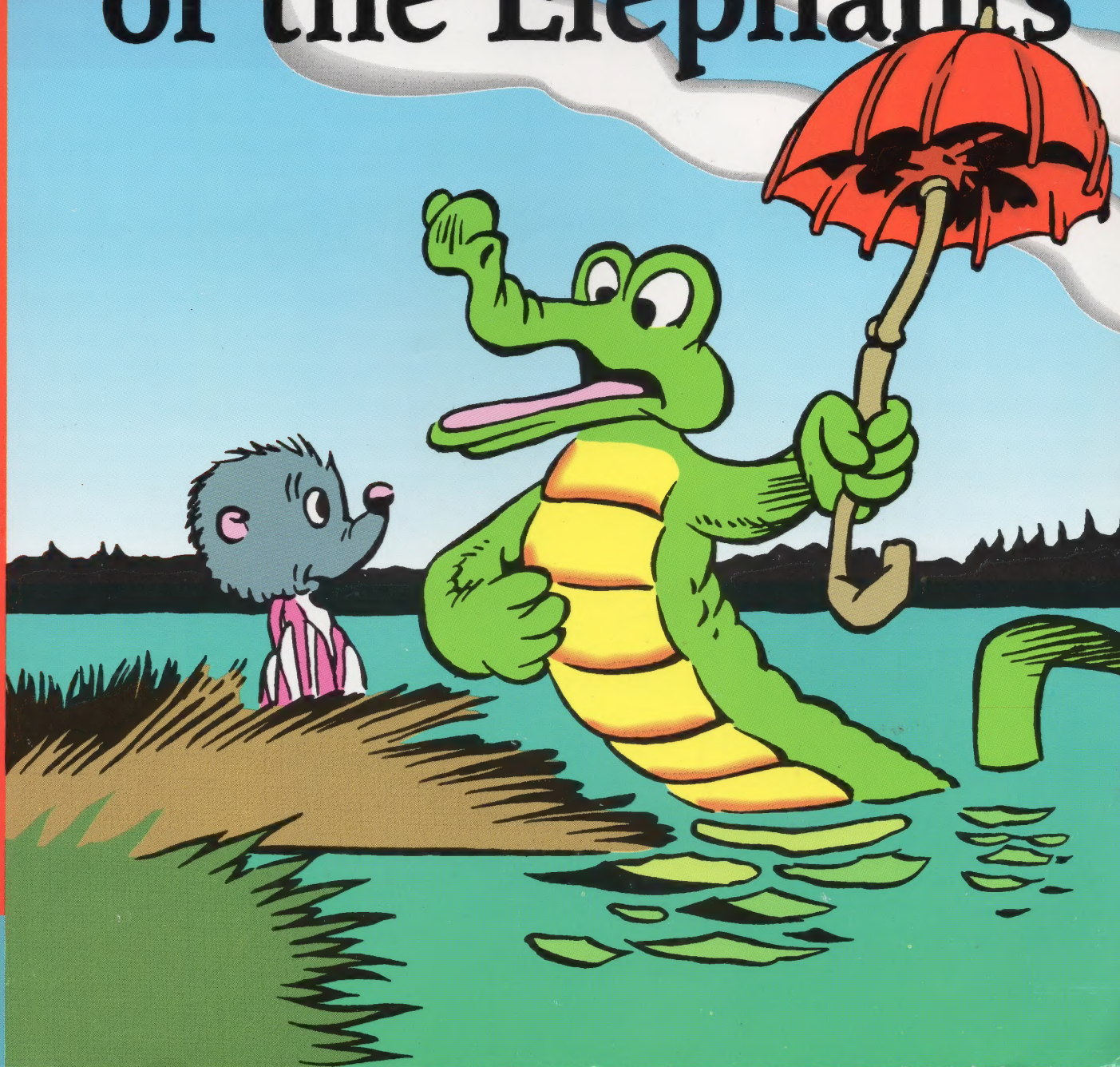




WALT KELLY'S
POGO
and
ALBERT

At the Mercy of the Elephants



The Complete Pogo Comics

VOLUME

2





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POGO
and
ALBERT

At the Mercy of the Elephants

ECLIPSE  BOOKS®

The Complete Pogo Comics
Volume 2: At the Mercy of the Elephants
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for nothing to do with this book at all,
but just for being Irish.

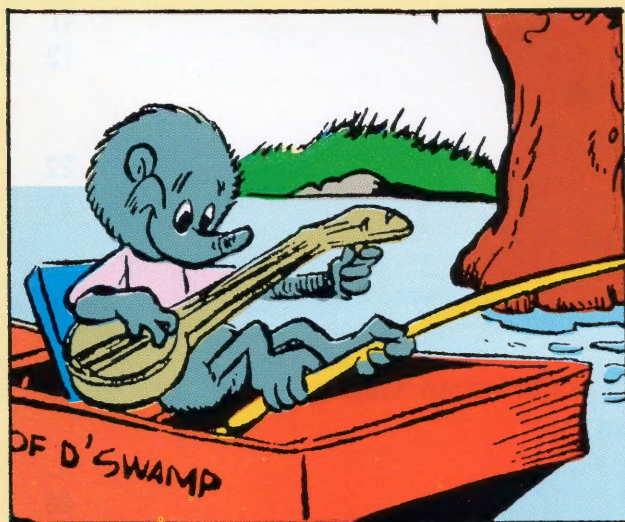
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Behind the Swamp	6
by Mark Burstein, Series Editor	
Pogo's Adolescence	7
by Steve Thompson, President, <i>Pogo Fan Club</i>	
Cover	11
Albert Holds That Tigah	12
from <i>Animal Comics</i> #10 (Aug - Sept '44)	
Cover	22
Albert the Alligator	23
from <i>Animal Comics</i> #11 (Oct - Nov '44)	
Cover	33
Albert's Picnic	34
Ol' Albert decides Yuletide and time waits for no 'Gator	36
from <i>Animal Comics</i> #12 (Dec '44 - Jan '45)	
Cover	46
Albert the Whaler	47
from <i>Animal Comics</i> #13 (Feb - Mar '45)	
Cover	55
Albert and the Noah Count Ark	56
from <i>Animal Comics</i> #14 (Apr - May '45)	

Behind the Swamp

BY MARK BURSTEIN, SERIES EDITOR

We at Eclipse are very excited at the progress of this project, the reprinting in chronological sequence of Walt Kelly's entire comic book output involving the Pogo menagerie, originally scattered throughout six rare comic book titles, and unavailable since the early 1940s. We believe they are well deserving of archival treatment. This is Volume II, and we expect twenty more.



In our solicitation of introductory material, the Kelly name has worked magic. We are honored to announce that future volumes will carry forewords by the likes of Pat Oliphant, Ward Kimball, Lynn Johnston (*For Better or For Worse*), Gus Arriola (*Gordo*), Harvey Pekar (*American Splendor*), Phil Frank (*Farley*), Bill Griffith (*Zippy the Pinhead*), Morrie Turner (*Wee Pals*), Matt Groening (*Life in Hell*), comic book illustrators Trina Robbins, Steve Leialoha, and Bill Loeb,

columnist John Carroll, and Malcolm Whyte of the Cartoon Art Museum.

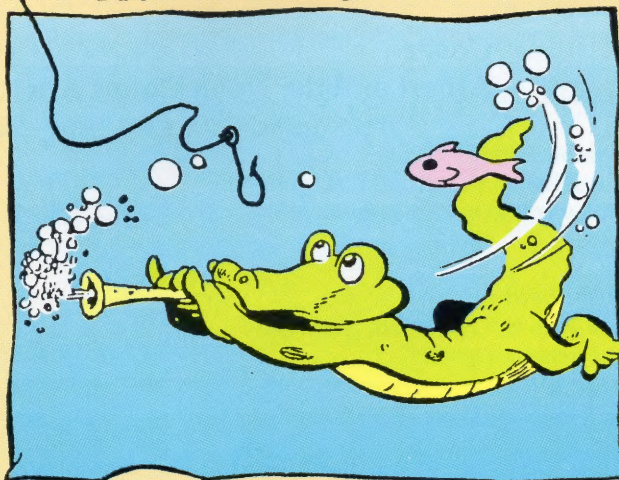
It is most appropriate to have Steve Thompson introduce this volume. Certainly Kelly's Number Two Fan (behind Selby), he is president of the Pogo Fan Club, editor of *The Fort Mudge Most*, and author of the essential *Walt Kelly Collectors' Guide*.

To be kept abreast of doings in the Okefenokee, aficionados are encouraged to join the Pogo Fan Club, authorized by the Kelly Estate. Write to:

Spring Hollow Books
6908 Wentworth Ave. So.
Richfield, MN 55423

In this volume we have chosen to include Kelly's charming covers for those issues of *Animal Comics* which show not only Pogo, but Albert, Uncle Wiggly, and various other critters in whimsical tableaux.

Happy meanderings.



Pogo's Adolescence

BY STEVE THOMPSON

For most people, these stories and characters will be much more recognizably "Pogo" than those in Volume I. Kelly is here beginning to find both his own voice and the voices of his characters, and is rapidly developing the elements which will keep *Pogo* so popular for years to come. To use an analogy suggested by the issue numbers (10-15) of these *Animal Comics*, Pogo is entering his adolescence: finding new friends, changing his behavior, and generally growing towards a stable "adulthood."

In 1960, Walt Kelly appeared on a Mitch Miller radio talk show with Milton Caniff and Jules Feiffer. In the course of the discussion, the question arose as to how characters change during the life of a strip. Kelly commented that it is not usually a conscious effort on the part of the artist, but a rather gradual evolution. This applies not only to the physical appearance of the characters, but to their personalities and behavior as well. One of the major events (or non-events) in these stories is the departure of Bumbazine.

Kelly later said (in *Ten Ever-Lovin' Blue-Eyed Years With Pogo*) that "Bumbazine, being human, was not as believable as the animals." It has also been stated, by Kelly and others, that Bumbazine was eliminated because Kelly rebelled against the use of a stereotyped black character. Both explanations have validity.

There is an old philosophical theory which posits that we only exist as creations of the imaginations of others. An adjunct to this notion, most recently explored by Robert Heinlein (*Number of the Beast, et al.*) and Marvin Kaye (the "Magic Umbrella" series), says that a powerful writer can actually create alternate universes by composing them so perfectly that we come to believe in them (e.g. Heinlein's characters visit Oz). So while it is entirely possible to argue that Kelly's Okefenokee exists, it may no longer be possible for humans to visit it.

Although communication between animals and humans has had a long literary history (cf. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Dr. Doolittle*), Kelly realized fairly early on that it would

not work in *Pogo* any more than it would have worked in *Aesop's Fables*. Just as adults would destroy the mystique of *Peanuts*, the presence of people in Kelly's Okefenokee Swamp tended to destroy much of the animals' credibility.

In hindsight, it's easy to see that Bumbazine had to go. Obviously, animals cannot caricature human behavior with one in their midst. Bumbazine could never be accepted, either by the reader or by the animals, as *Pogo* or Albert's equal.

If Bumbazine had stayed, it would have been in one of two capacities, either as a superior or an inferior to the animals. If he were a superior, he would have ended up as either a particularly adept gamekeeper or a benevolent *deus ex machina*, a solver of problems. As such, he would have eliminated or short-circuited the later atmosphere of parody, satire, and overall confusion present in the Swamp.

As an inferior to the animals, Bumbazine could not have avoided being the butt of their jokes or of Kelly's satires of human behavior. This would not have been acceptable to Kelly's readership, who would identify with the only human in the Swamp. Although Kelly would not have intentionally provided a racist stereotype, any black character shown as an inferior to Swamp animals might be so perceived.

Surviving evidence does not reveal anything of Kelly's thoughts about Bumbazine at the time, so it's uncertain whether he actually sat down and considered all the possible ramifications. It's entirely possible that

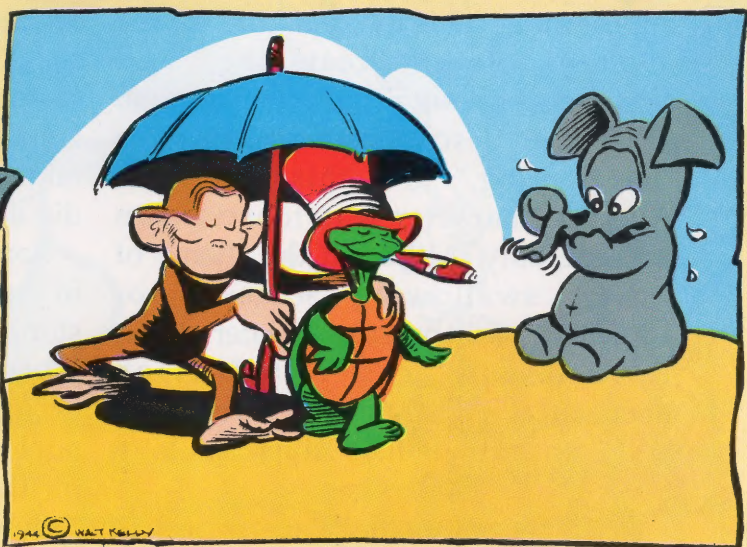
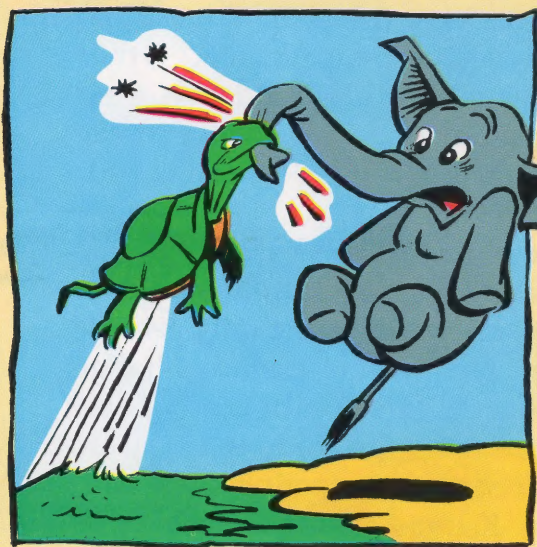
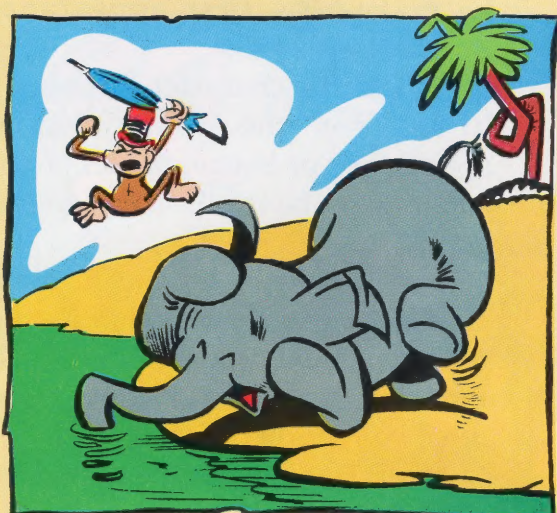
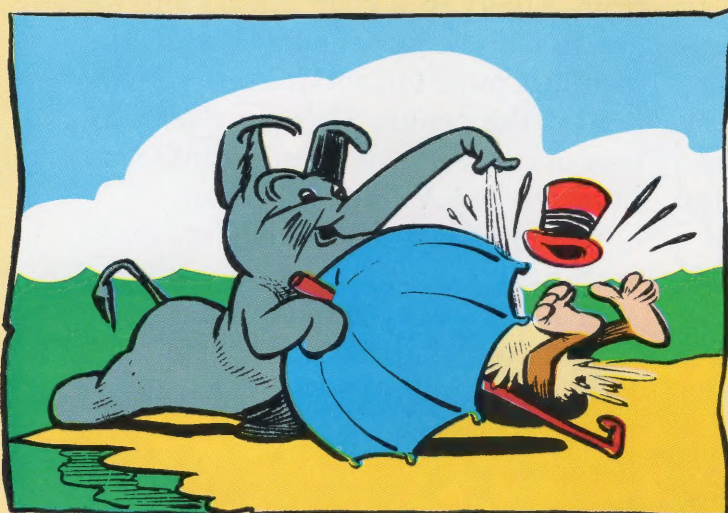
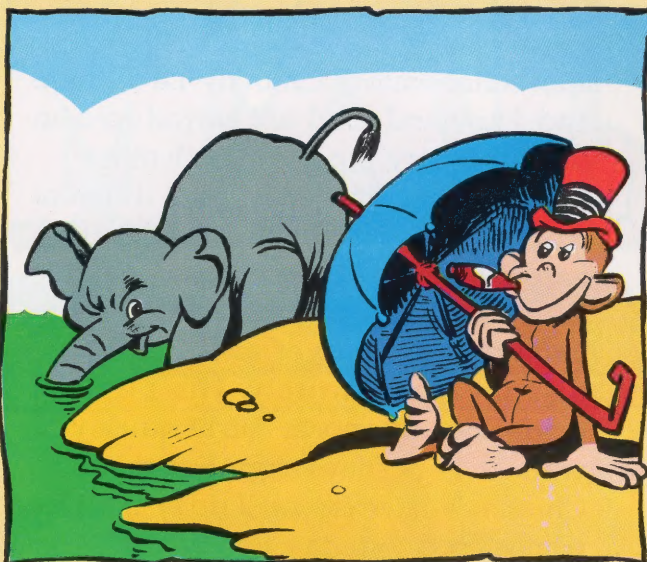
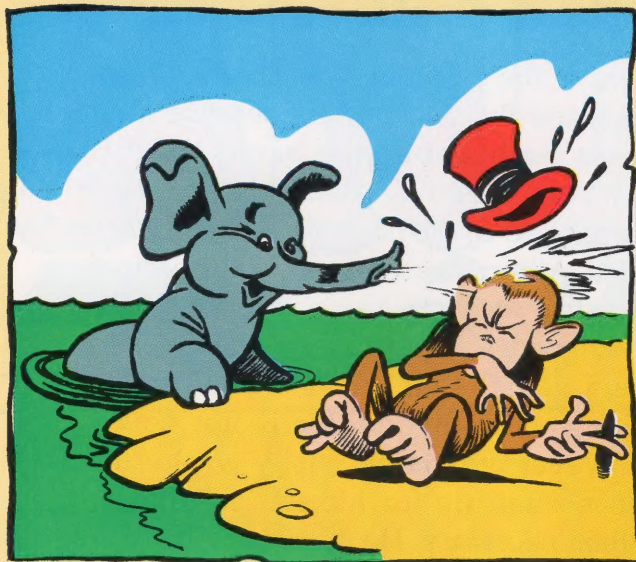
Kelly did not make a conscious decision to eliminate Bumbazine from the strip after *Animal Comics* #12. As so many other characters came and went without explanation, perhaps he just didn't happen to show up for a while. And if the stories worked without Bumbazine, there would be no reason to bring him back.

In *Ten Ever-Lovin' Blue-Eyed Years With Pogo*, Kelly said that he thinks most of the "bit players" have lives elsewhere in the Swamp or in other comic strips on their days off. The characters are very much aware that they are in a comic strip, and sometimes seem to view themselves as a stock company of actors. It stands to reason, therefore, that if a character has a better offer, or decides to rest for a season or two, that he or she will not appear on the Okefenokee stage for that time.

Bumbazine never formally left the strip, but just vanished. Since the last story in which he appears ends in a party, it would have been conceivable to turn it into a double celebration: for the orphans, and for Bumbazine's going-away. Of course, since there was no formal farewell, there's always the possibility of Bumbazine's return. Perhaps his time in the Swamp was just a vacation for him, and he has long since gone back to Fort Mudge, Fargo, Hoboken, Waycross, or one of the other towns bordering the Okefenokee. (On the other hand, there may have been a mass move by the animals further back into the Swamp, away from humans and their "civilization.")

New characters appeared in the Swamp shortly after Bumbazine's departure. Significantly, future pals

elephunnies



Elephunnies, a non-Pogo one-pager by Walt Kelly from *Animal Comics* #12. As its name implies, *Animal Comics* was a funny animal anthology by various artists and writers. This piece, like his non-Pogo covers, shows that Kelly was

capable of working in several of the popular animal cartooning styles of the day, a versatility which he had no doubt sharpened by animating characters from other artists' model sheets during his days at the Walt Disney studios.

and collaborators Churchy La Femme and Howland Owl are introduced in the same story, but not to each other.

The early Churchy is quite different from his later characterization, becoming more innocent and gullible as time goes on. His pirate hat undergoes a couple of variations before disappearing entirely. His piratical tendencies disappear fairly quickly as well. It is perhaps significant, given Churchy's later cry of "Friday the 13th comes on a Tuesday this month," that he makes his first appearance in *Animal Comics* #13.

Howland's character changes very little over the years, either in appearance or behavior. He, of course, continues to be the Swamp's scientific expert.

Uncle Antler, a regular in the early stories, is nearing the end of his regular tenure. He will appear occasionally in the later newspaper strip, but there will often be years between visits.

Albert is in the middle of undergoing drastic personality changes. In his early appearances, he is the "bad guy" of the Swamp, often threatening, and occasionally eating, the other critters. Kelly later described these stories as "frightening," and this aspect of Albert's character was toned down considerably. Although the theme of Albert swallowing someone or something will be used in later strips, there it will be depicted as an accidental or otherwise humorous situation, rather than Albert stalking prey.

Pogo has often been described as replacing Bumbazine as Albert's foil, yet it's evident from the title that Kelly did not initially intend that Pogo be the

hero of the strip. It's unlikely that Pogo replaced Bumbazine just because they were both about the same height. Rather, Pogo's own personality developed to the point where he, rather than Albert, was the natural heart of the strip.

Pogo, as a character, often appears to be a genial soul who's willing to go along with anyone. He is not naive, however, nor is he wishy-washy; he does stand up for himself and others when necessary. He does not take over from Albert in a *coup d'état*, but we gradually become aware that the feature is more fun and interesting with him at the center. He won't actually take over the title of the strip until near the end of the *Animal Comics* run.

To jump ahead some years, those who have worked to continue *Pogo* after Kelly's death (notably Selby Kelly and the team of Doyle and Sternecky) have said that the characters themselves exert a strong influence on the direction of the strip. The characters have very distinct personalities which dictate the way they will behave and react in given situations. Other cartoonists have also said that their creations develop lives of their own, taking strips in directions the creator did not plan.

Some of these stories were reprinted in the later *Pogo Possum* comics as fill-in stories. This was possible only because most of our Swamp friends change little from this point on. Their adolescence is upon them, and they are on their way to becoming successful "adults." Kelly is getting to know them better, and, of course, we are too.

Now, as Albert might say, "Let's stop yammerin' and go look at the pictures."

ANIMAL

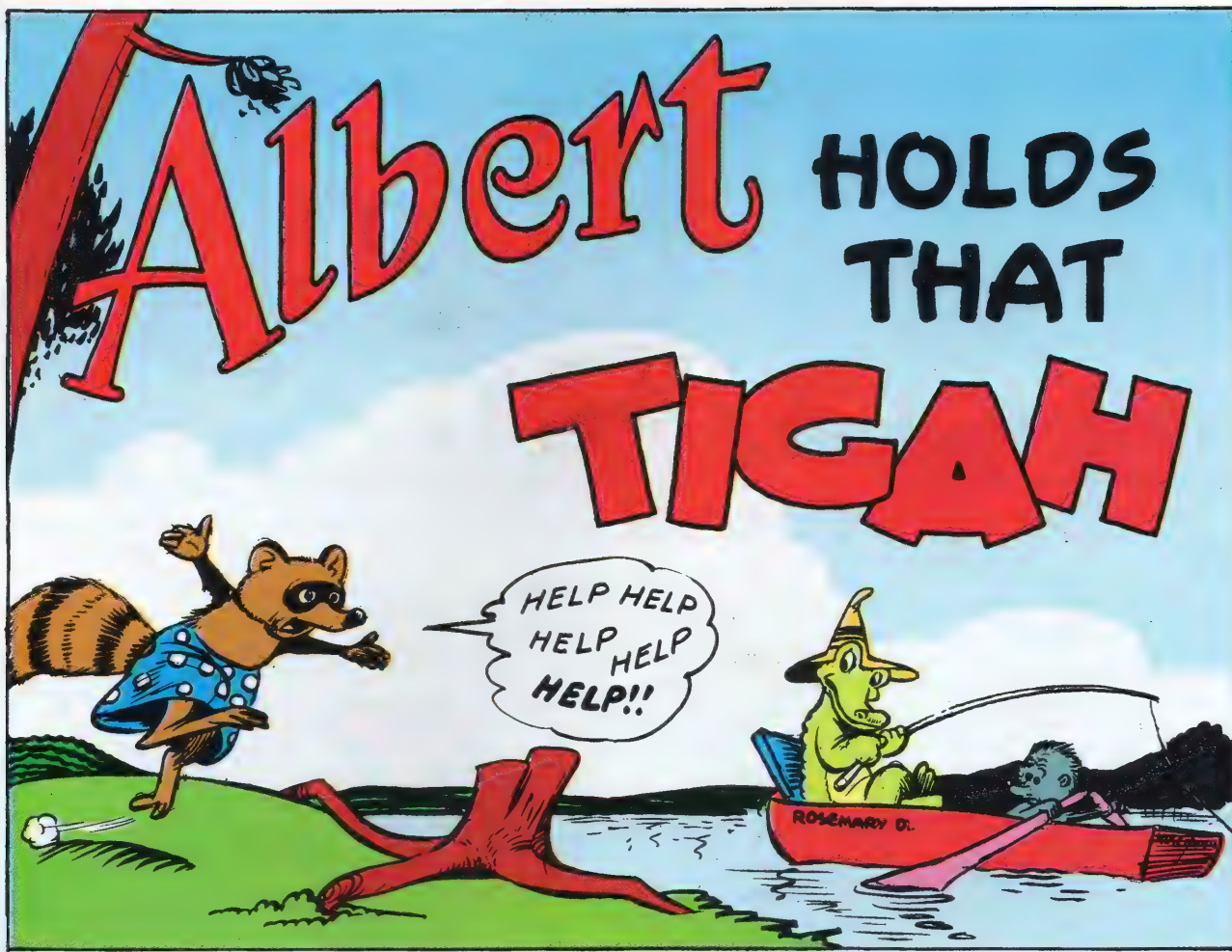
COMICS

10¢

No. 10

AUGUST
SEPTEMBER

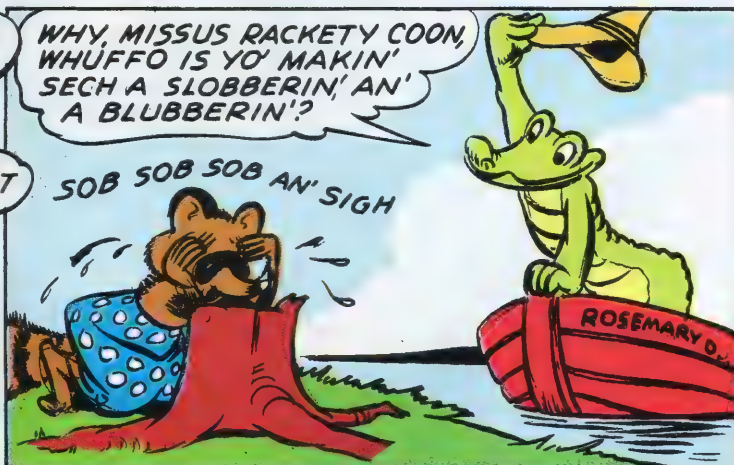




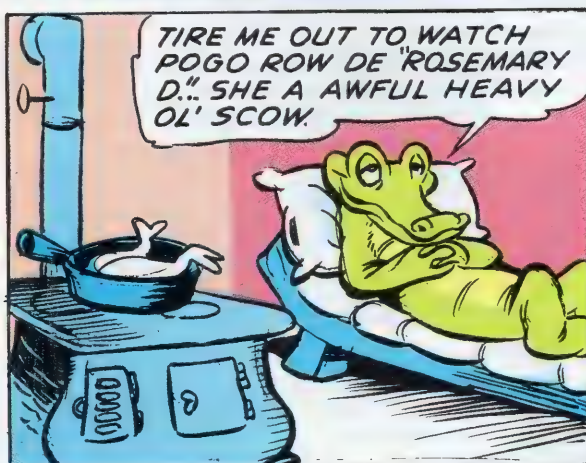
BEIN' A GENT'MAN OF DE OL' SCHOOL
AH IS SENSITIVE TO WIMMENFOLKS
SCREECHIN' FO' HELP—SO PULL
FO' SHORE, POGO!

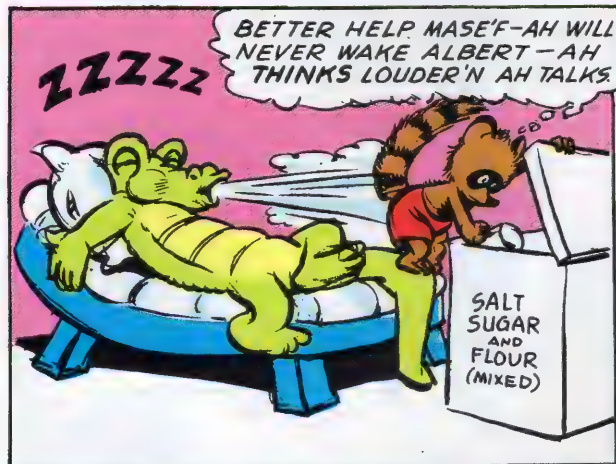


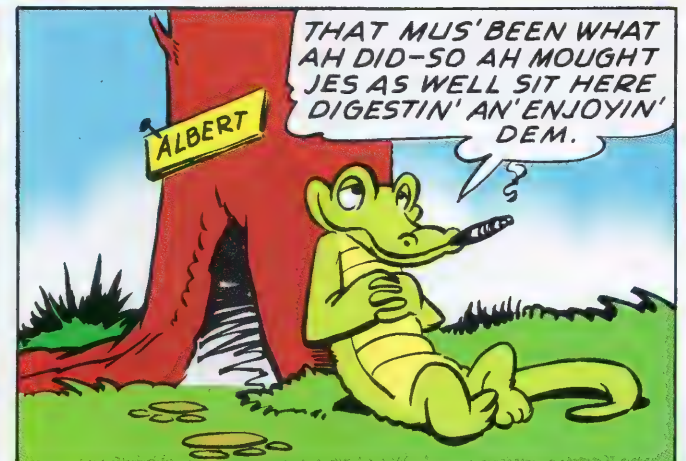
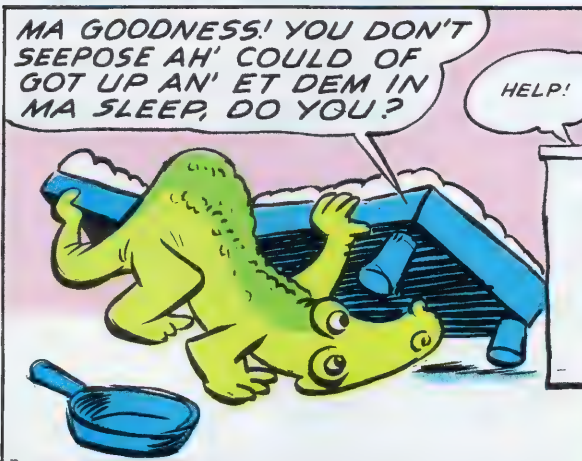
WHY, MISSUS RACKETY COON,
WHUFFO IS YO' MAKIN'
SECH A SLOBBERIN' AN'
A BLUBBERIN'?











NOW WHEN AH SLEEPS AH DOES SOM'PIN PRACTICAL-AH GOT UP IN MA SLEEP AN' HAD A LI'L SNACK FO' MASE'F AN' THEN LAID DOWN AGAIN WIFOUT WAKIN' UP!



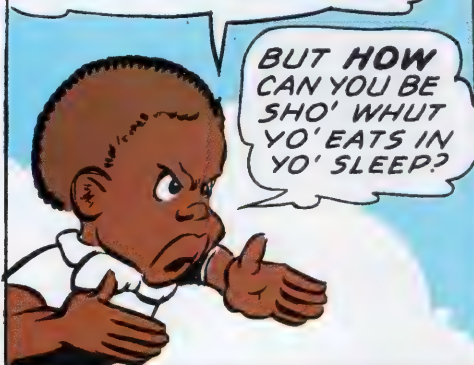
DEE-LISHUS COME HERE LAST.

LOOK ME IN DE EYE, ALBERT! WHUT YOU EAT IN YOU SLEEP?

FISHES.



YOU SHO' IT WASN'T A "FISH" 'BOUT SO BIG NAME OF DEE-LISHUS?



BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SHO' WHUT YO' EATS IN YO' SLEEP?

OH, IT WERE DEE-LISHUS, SHO' 'NUFF, AH JES BETCHA



ALBERT!
YOU ET DEE-LISHUS!



EFFEN YOU IS GONE BE EATIN' FOLKS RIGHT AN' LEF- AH AIN'T GONE SPEAK TO YOU NO MO!



OUTCAST!

CANNIBAL!

A DISGRACE TO THE RACE!

CRIMINAL!

BOO-HOO-HOO!

AH THOUGHT YO' HAD SUM'PIN BETTER IN YOU - BUT IT TURNS OUT IT'S DEE-LISHUS!

POGO, WAIT!

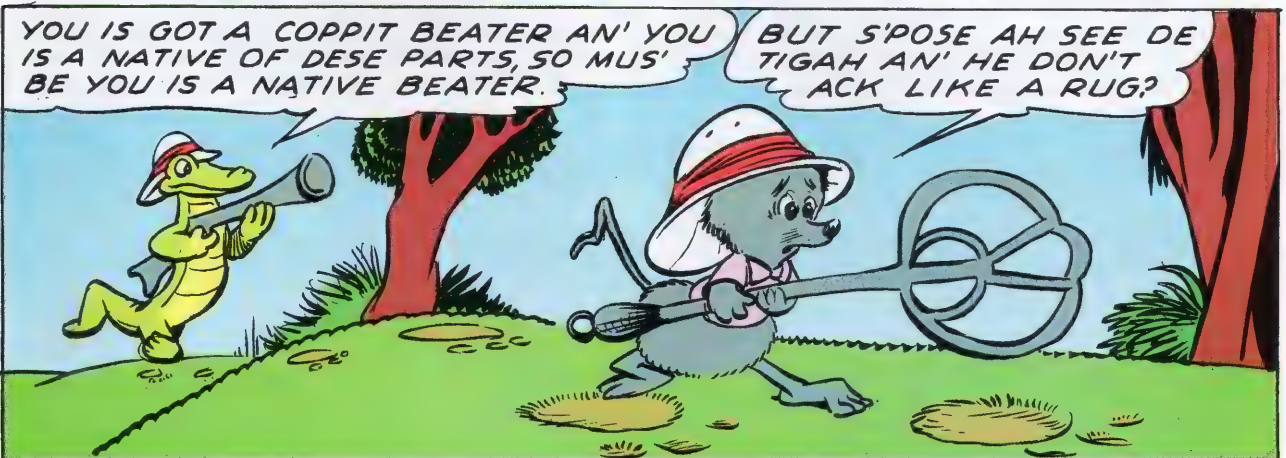
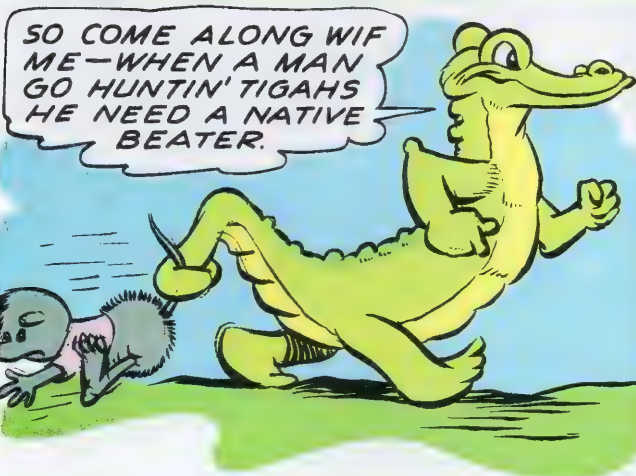
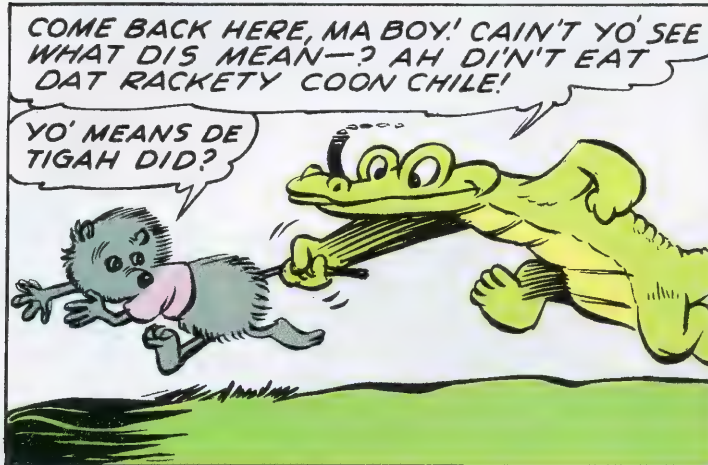


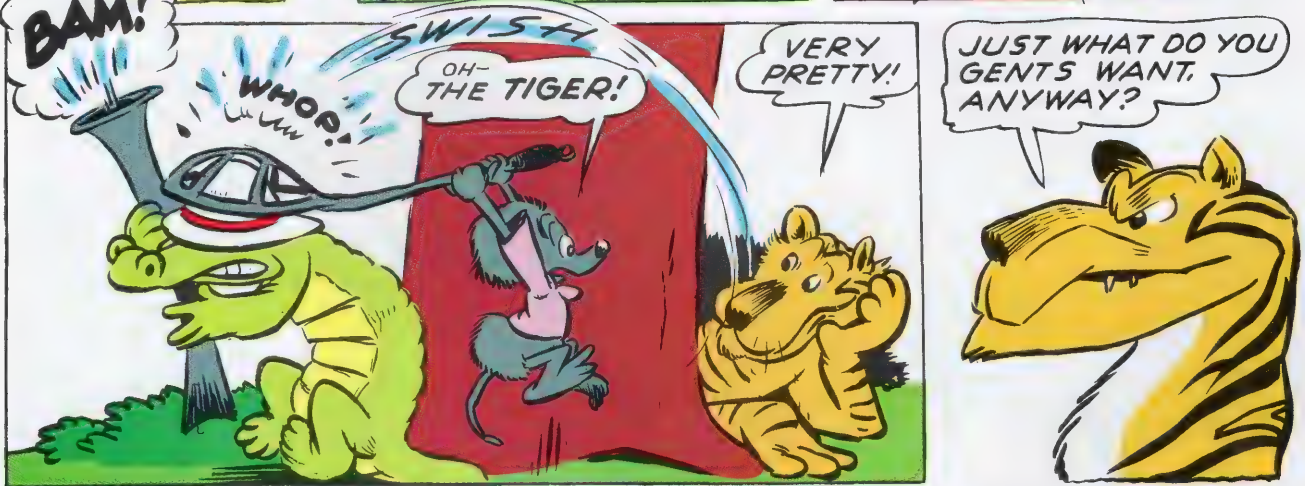
YOU GOTTA B'LEEEVE ME, LI'L PAL- AH DIN'T EAT DAT BOY!
DON'T LI'L PAL ME-



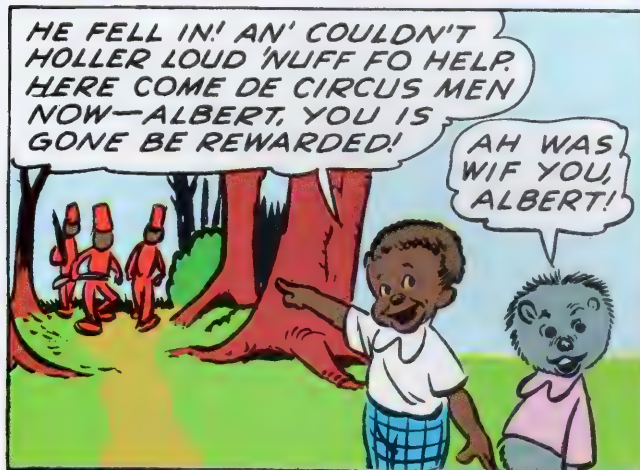
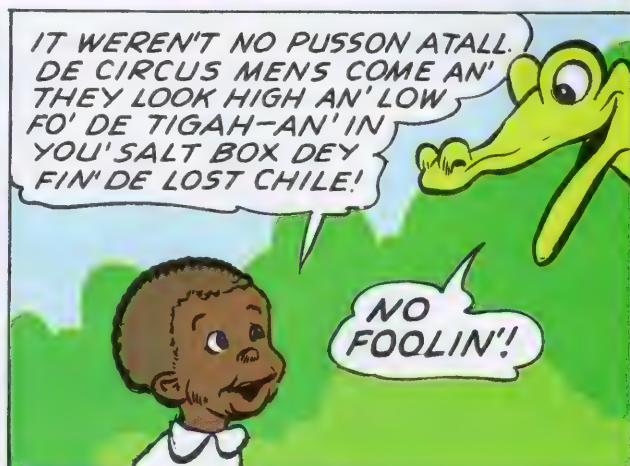
LOOKY!

UMP!









ANIMAL



COMICS

10¢

No. 11
OCT.-NOV.

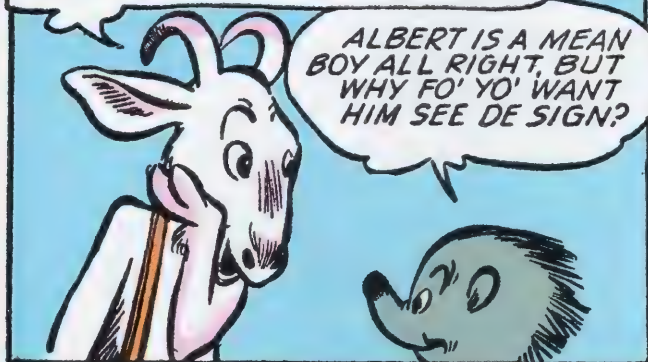


ALBERT the ALLIGATOR

-by WALT KELLY-



CONFIDENTIAL, WE HOPES OL' MEAN ALBERT READ DAT SIGN-WE GIT RID OF HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!



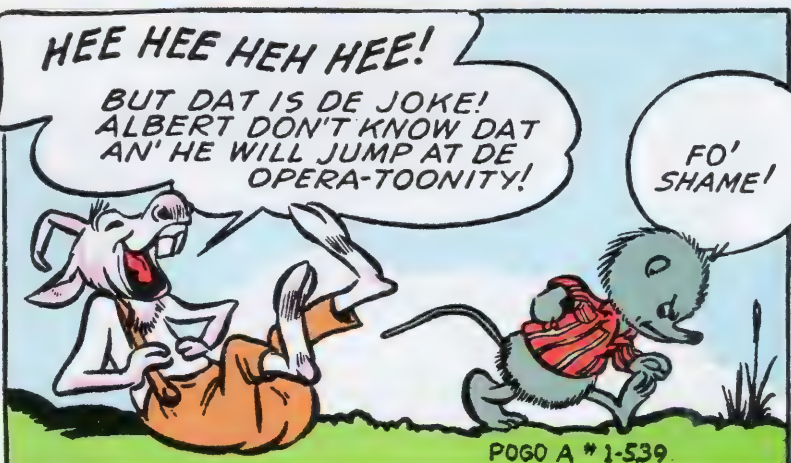
KIN YO' READ?



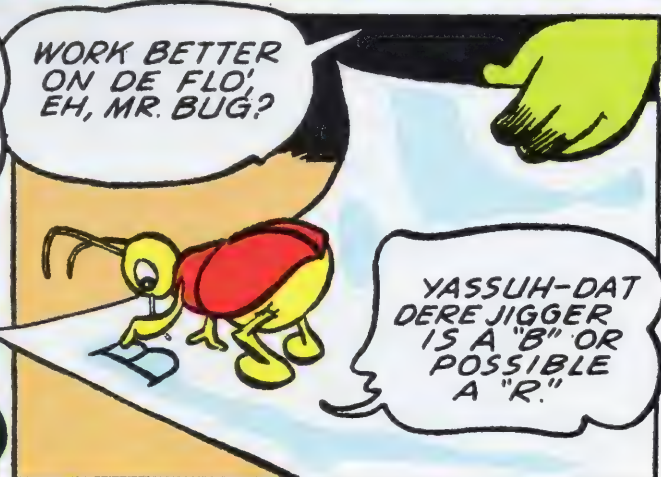
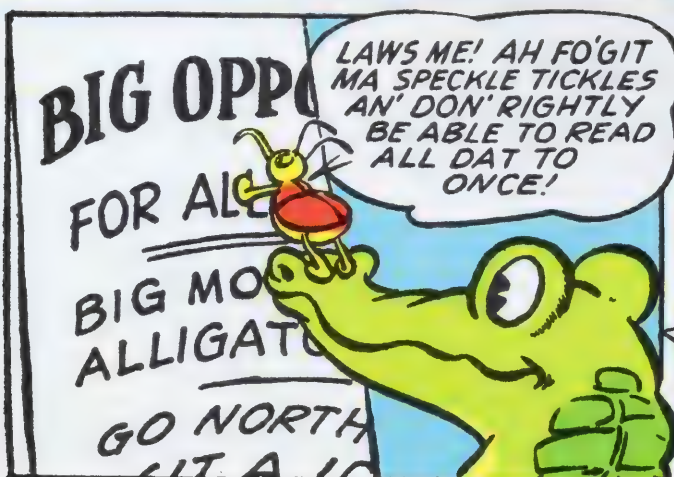
WHUT KIND O' A TRICK IS DAT? DEY'LL SKIN DAT BOY FO' TO MAKE A SUIT CASE!



HEE HEE HEH HEE!



POGO A #1-539



AN' FUM HERE DIS LOOK LIKE
A "T" OR
POSSIBLE
A "I"...

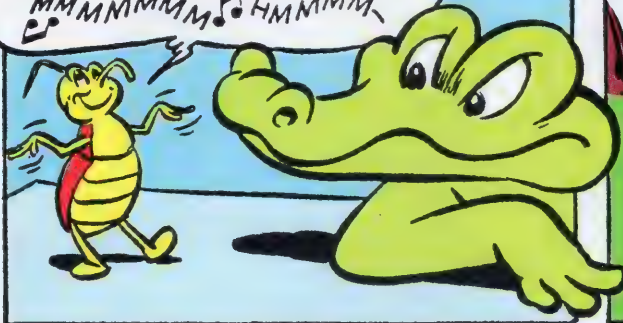


SO FAR US GOT A "B" OR ELSE A "R"—
AN' A "I" OR ELSE A "T", AN SUMPIN
WHAT LOOK LIKE A FIGGER 9...
AH THINK IT ALL SPELLS "CHARLIE."
YOU KNOW ANYBODY NAME
OF CHARLIE?

NO!



BUG, KIN YOU HUM GOOD, TOO?
AT HUMMIN' AH IS EVEN
MO' WUNNIFL—LISSEN!
MMMMMMMM ♪ HMMMM



DAT PROVE IT! YOU IS
A HUMBUG!

SO I IS! LET'S
SEE NOW. DISH
YERE IS A "O"
OR MEBBE A
"X", AND HEAH
IS A—



HERE ANOTHER SIGN
WHAT SAY SUMPIN'
'BOUT A JOB
FO' ME—



O' COURSE AH ISN'T HANKER AFTER A
JOB, BUT IT MOUGHT
BE A SPECIAL GOOD
ONE, AN' AH MAKES
A MILLYUM
DOLLAHS—

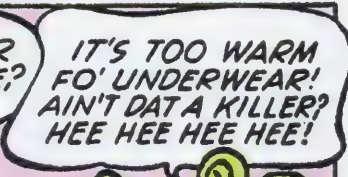
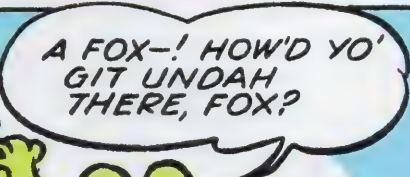
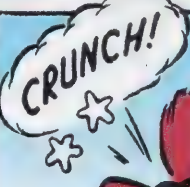
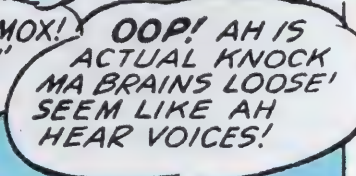
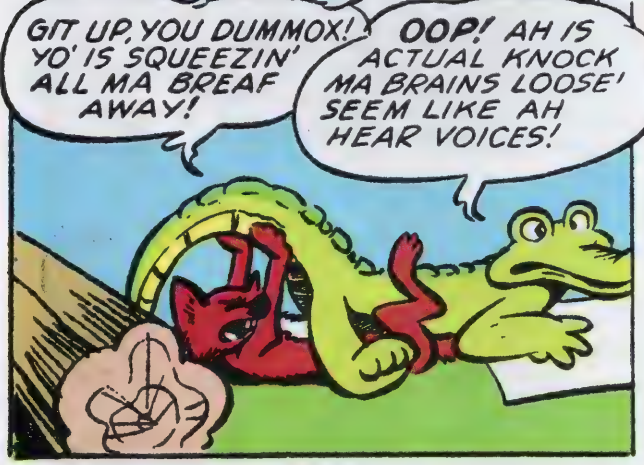
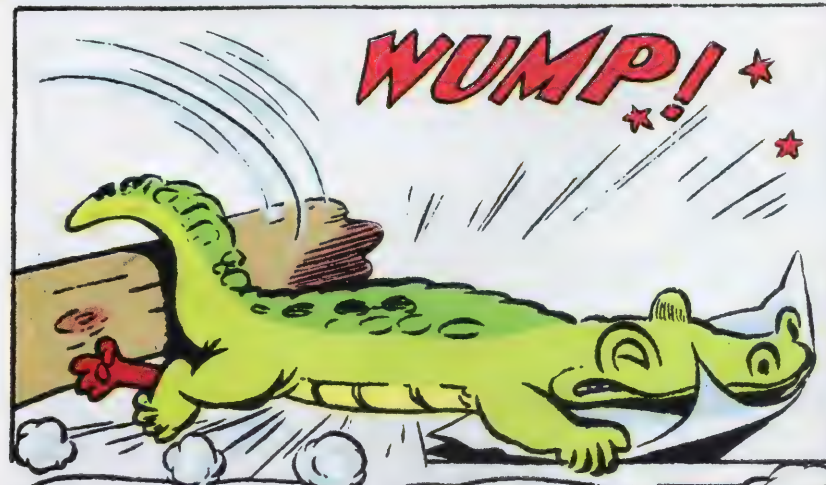
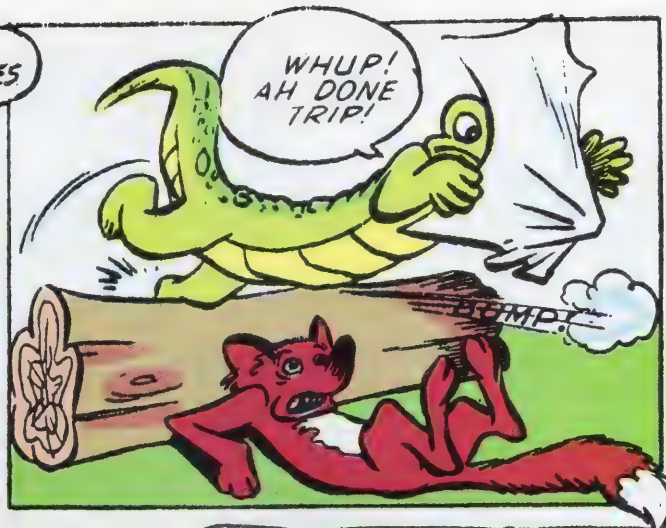


AH'LL FIND SOME SMART FELLER WHAT
KIN READ AN' DISCOVER JES' WHAT
DAT LI'L DEVIL POGO IS TRYIN'
TO DO ME OUT OF!



AH IS GITTIN TIRED OF
THISH YERE SWAMP COUNTRY.
...AIN'T NO OPPERTOONITY
FO' A OPPERTOONITY.
GUESS AH'LL GO NORTH
AN' MAKE
MA FORTUNE.





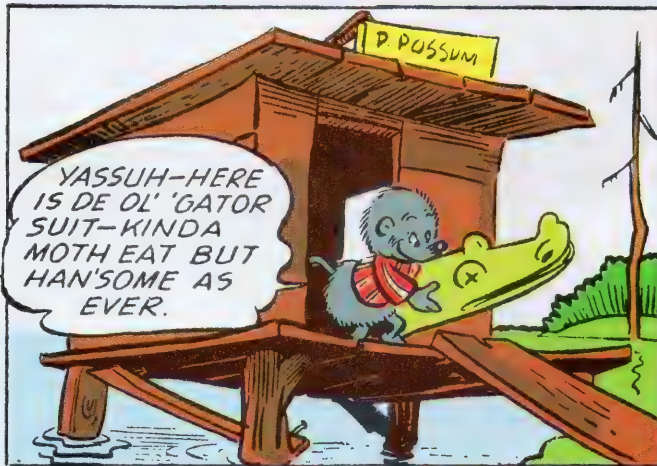




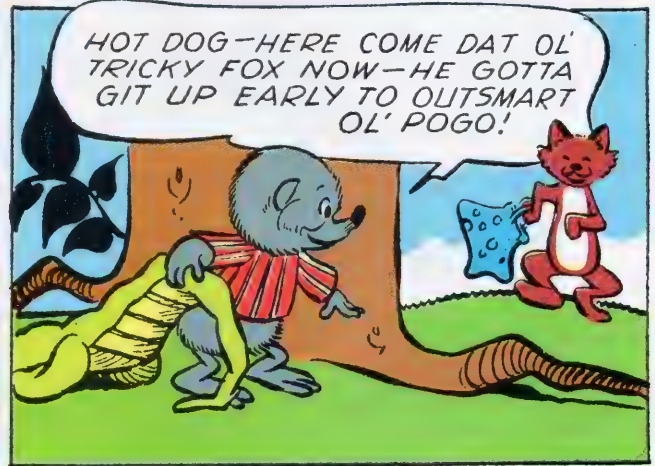
AH SEED IT ALL-WHAT
A DUPLICITOSITY OL'
FOX IS DAT!



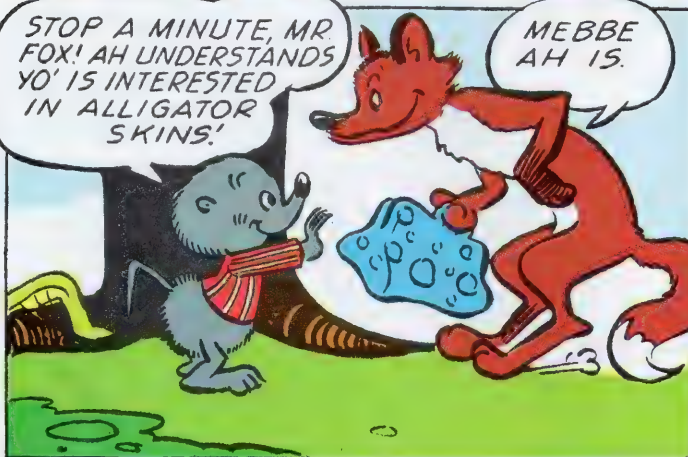
MEBBE AH STILL GOT
DAT OL' 'GATOR COSTUME
IN MA HALLOWEEN
TRUNK!



YASSUH-HERE
IS DE OL' 'GATOR
SUIT-KINDA
MOTH EAT BUT
HAN'SOME AS
EVER.



HOT DOG-HERE COME DAT OL'
TRICKY FOX NOW-HE GOTTA
GIT UP EARLY TO OUTSMART
OL' POGO!



STOP A MINUTE, MR.
FOX! AH UNDERSTANDS
YO' IS INTERESTED
IN ALLIGATOR
SKINS!

MEBBE
AH IS.



AH IS GOT ONE SKIN ON DE
HOOF A-GOIN' UP TO NEW
YAWK WIF ME... AN' AH
WILL SELL
HIM AT A
FABULOUS
FIGGER.

AH
THOUGHT
SO!
LOOKY
HERE!



YOU POSSIBLE WANT TO SELL
ME DAT OL' MANGY THING?

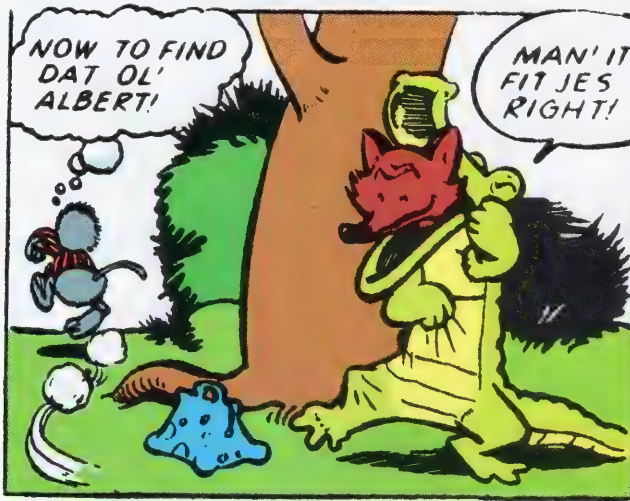
HAW
HAW
HAW!

NOPE-AH GONE
RENT IT TO YO', FO'A
DOLLAH... PUT ON DISH
YERE, AN' DECOY A MESS
OF MO' ALLIGATORS INTO
A AMBUSH-DEN JUMP
ON 'EM AN YOU WILL
GO TO NOO
YAWK WIF A
DOZEN 'GATOR
SKINS!



MAN. MAN-HERE IS YO' DOLLAH.

DE 'GATOR
SKIN IS AT
YOU' DISPOSAL.



NOW TO FIND
DAT OL'
ALBERT!

MAN! IT
FIT JES
RIGHT!



**SO! DERE
YOU IS!**
YOU TRIED TO
KEEP ME FUM
A CAREER!

**STOP
ALBERT!**



DON'T TELL ME TO NOT TAKE
DE JOB—AH
KNOWS YOU IS
JEALOUS!

ONE SIDE, POGO,
OR AH WILL...

OVAH MA
DAID AN'
BEATEN
BODY!



YOU ASKED FO' IT—!

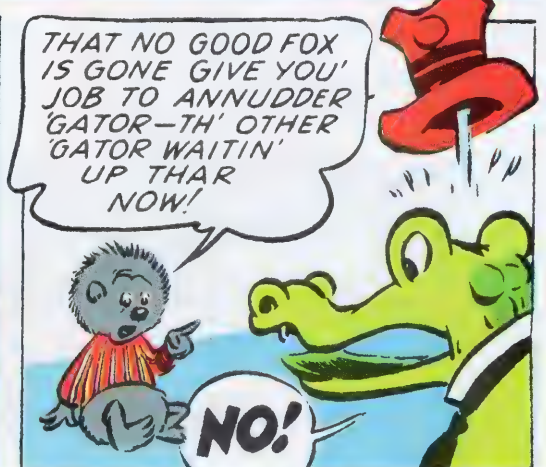
**UNCONDITIONAL
SURRENDAH!**



GO TO YOU'
DOOM—GO
AHAID, AH
DON' CARE...

BUT JES' ONE
THING, ALBERT,
FO' YOU GO!

WHAT'S
DAT, MA BOY?

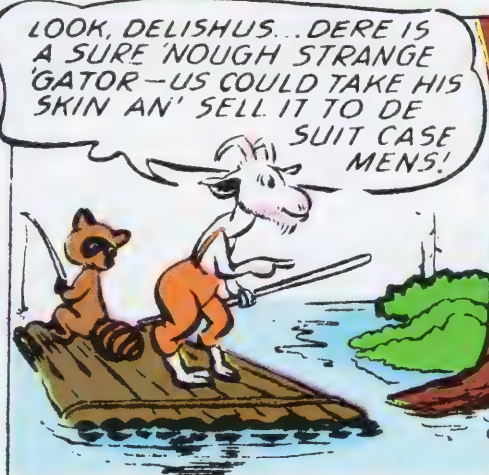


THAT NO GOOD FOX
IS GONE GIVE YOU'
JOB TO ANNUDDER
'GATOR—TH' OTHER
'GATOR WAITIN'
UP THAR
NOW!

NO!



AH'LL SHOW DAT
FOXY FOX!



LOOK, DELISHUS... DERE IS
A SURE 'NOUGH STRANGE
'GATOR—US COULD TAKE HIS
SKIN AN' SELL IT TO DE
SUIT CASE
MENS!

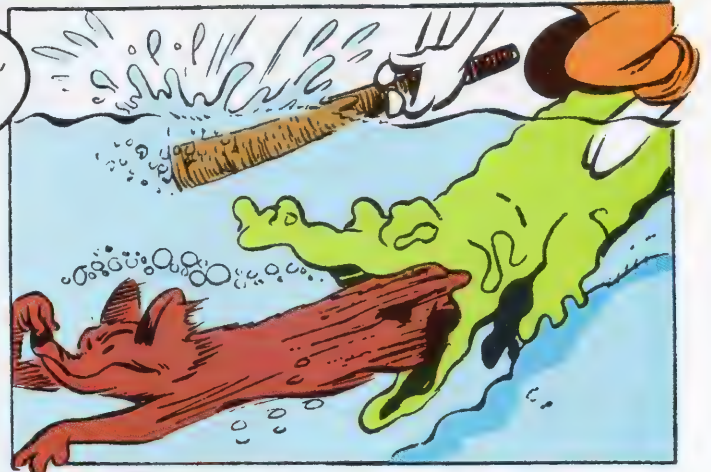
WONDER WHERE ALL DEM
'GATORS HANG OUT?



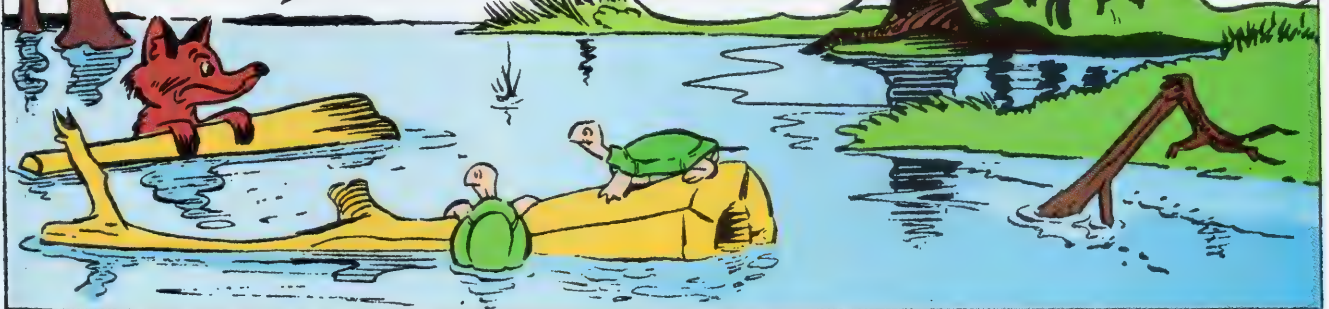
PSST-NOW WE JUMPS ON HIM!



AH IS A-BEATIN' AT HIM!



MAN! MAN! AH IS GONE GIT ON OUT CHERE FO' DEM CRAZY FOLKS GIT ME GOOD!





SO!
AH IS
CAUGHT
YOU!

HALP!



LEMME
OUT!

AH
CAIN'T
BREATHE!

AH'LL SHOW YOU
WHO IS BOSS!



STEAL MA CAREER,
WILL YOU?

WHOP!



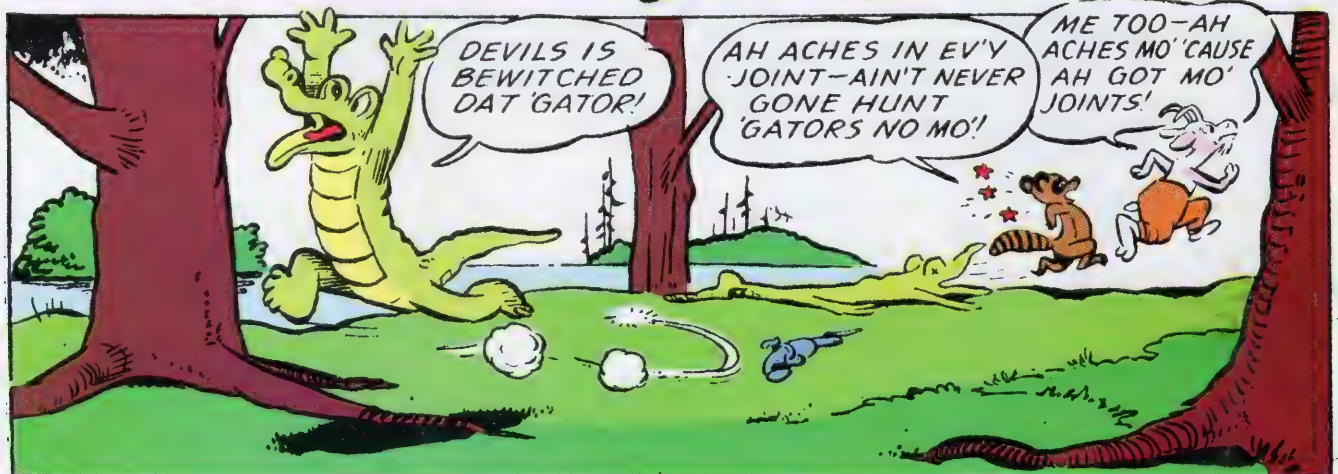
NOW! PREPARE TO ACCEPT
DE COUP DE GRACE, YO'
MIZZIBLE
SKONK!



YEOWP! HOLD YOU'
FIRE! HOLD YOU'
FIRE! WE IS
EE-VACUATIN!



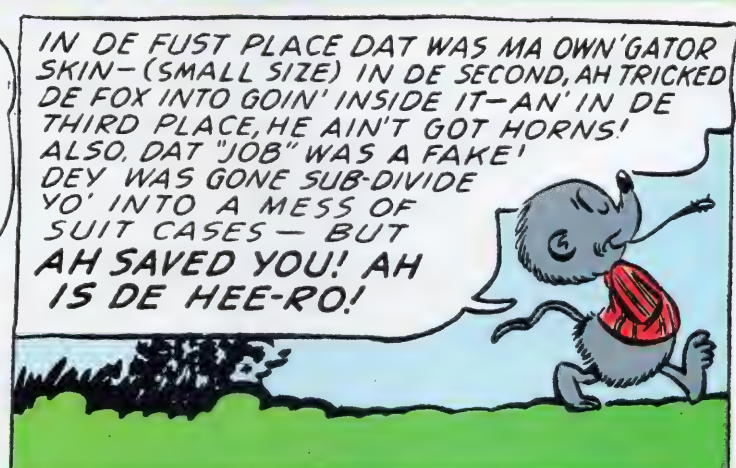
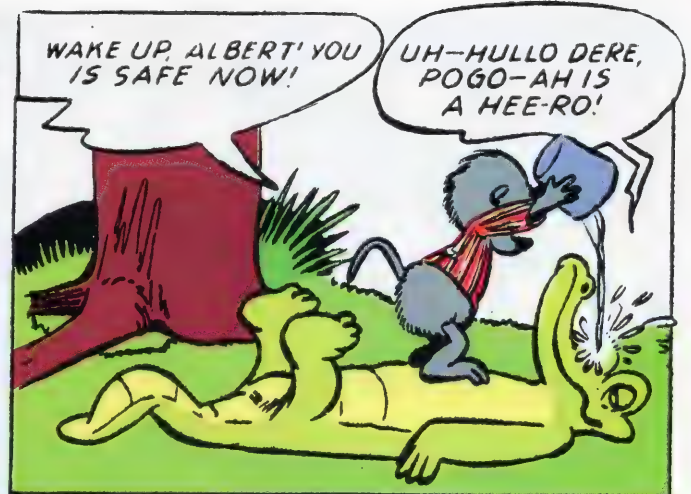
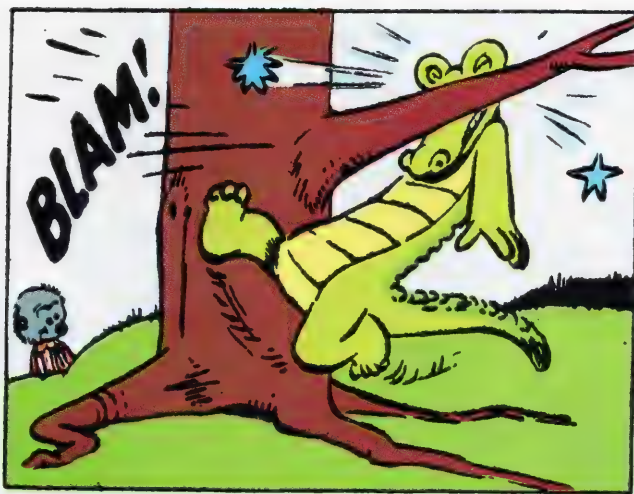
GREAT HOPPIN' FRAWGS!
A HORNED ANNYMILE
IS A-CRAWLIN' OUT!



DEVILS IS
BEWITCHED
DAT 'GATOR!

AH ACHES IN EV'Y
JOINT-AIN'T NEVER
GONE HUNT
'GATORS NO MO!

ME TOO-AH
ACHES MO 'CAUSE
AH GOT MO'
JOINTS!



ANIMAL

COMICS

10¢

No. 12

DEC. - JAN.





ALBERT'S PICNIC



Albert the Alligator decided to celebrate the fact that there were only 234 days until his birthday, so he packed himself a tremendous picnic basket.

First he thought he would invite all his friends to the picnic. He put Pogo Possum's name on a list and then, think as he might, he couldn't recall another friend. So, deciding that Pogo would make a pig of himself and get sick, Albert saved Pogo's health and well-being by unselfishly crossing Pogo's name from the list. This knocked the starch out of the list and Albert went off without being hampered by a lot of hungry friends and relatives.

After he had been hiking for all of seven minutes he felt faint and knew that death was not more than another eighty years off unless he had food. He staggered into the shade of a huge oak and tied a napkin around his neck.

At that moment there came a pattering of feet, but palmettos grew thick along the road and Albert was unable to see who might be coming. Quickly, he hid his lunch basket behind a tree. "One never knows whether the next acquaintance might be friend, foe or famished!" thought Albert.

This trashing around in the underbrush attracted the attention of Fanciful Fox, for it was his footsteps Albert had heard.

Fanciful quickly hid his own lunch basket. He, too, was on his way to a picnic (in honor of his birthday being only 167 days away). Then Fanciful trotted forward and smirked when he saw Albert looking out from behind a tree.

Albert still wore his napkin and Fanciful was hastily trying to swallow a piece of Gingerbread. Each KNEW that the other was hiding something from him.

"Albert," said Fanciful, "I've been thinking that I can hold my breath longer than anybody in the world. I'll bet I can stay under water longer than you."

"I'll bet you can't," said Albert with glee, because anybody knows that an Alligator can hold his breath till the cows come home even if they come

home by way of Albuquerque.

"I'll bet you twenty million dollars," said Fanciful, leading the way to a swampy pool.

"I'll bet you thirty nine billion dollars!" said Albert counting quickly on his fingers.

"Done!" exclaimed the Fox. "Are you ready? — — Go!" and both sank beneath the surface of the water.

But Fanciful had a trick up his sleeve. He sneaked from the pool to go looking for Albert's lunch basket. Meanwhile, holding his breath like a hero, Albert lay beneath the water counting the money he'd win.

Fanciful soon found Albert's basket and switched it with his own, believing that Albert would have a great many more and better things in his basket. Then he jumped back in the pool as Albert was getting ready to emerge. Albert stuck his head up, saw Fanciful was under water and rolled a log off the bank. It fell on old Fanciful and pinned him to the bottom.

"That'll hold him for awhile!" chuckled Ol' Albert searching for Fanciful's lunch basket. He, too, thought the other basket would contain better things than he had packed. Albert soon found the Fox's hiding place. But he didn't know that Fanciful had already switched the baskets so he SWITCHED them AGAIN.

Then Albert plunged back just as Fanciful worked himself loose and spluttered to the surface. Albert rose again because he was getting pretty hungry.

"It's a TIE," gasped Fanciful, "we came up together!"

Albert agreed and both hurried off . . . each taking a basket from his hiding place. Each chuckled thinking he had the other's basket.

After Albert had gone a half mile, he opened his OWN basket, still thinking he had the Fox's.

"Sptooie!" he said as he tasted the first sandwich.

"Awful!" he exclaimed over the cake . . . the lunch was horrible.

Albert felt pretty bad at giving up his lunch for the miserable contents of Fanciful's basket, but he consoled himself by kicking a hole in the basket believing it belonged to the Fox.

Meanwhile the Fox sampled the contents of his basket and he was outraged. He climbed a tree and arranged the basket so it would fall on Albert's head when the 'Gator came sauntering home.

"That's all that miserable food is good for," grumped the Fox. "I wish I'd had my own lunch. It just goes to show you, you can't trust anybody."



OL' ALBERT

*decides Yuletide
and time waits
for no 'GATOR*

WHUT YOU
LIL' 'GATOR CHILLUN
WANT? SPEAK UP!

WELL, IT'S THISAWAY,
UNCLE ALBERT...

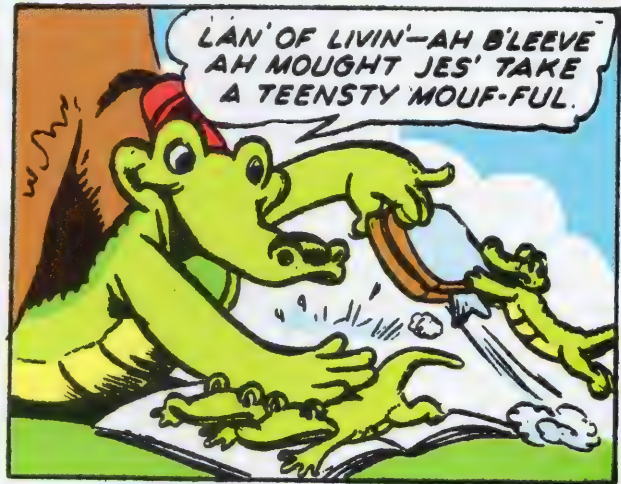


WELL, US CHILLUN FIGGERED THAT YOU
MOUGHT BE ABLE TO USE A GENUINE
CATFISH SAN'WICH!

YASSUH!



LAN' OF LIVIN'-AH B'LEEVE
AH MOUGHT JES' TAKE
A TEENSTY MOUF-FUL.



STAY YOU HAND! UNCLE ALBERT,
US LIL' FOLKS GONE GIT YOU TO
WHUP UP A BARGAIN 'FORE YOU
CRUNCHES DOWN ON THIS
SAN'WICH!

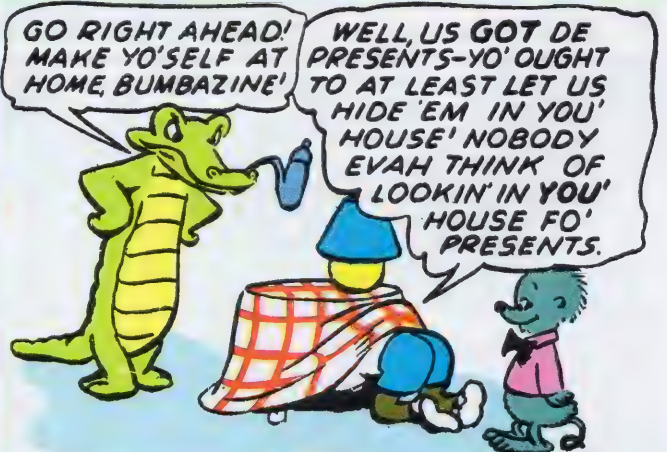
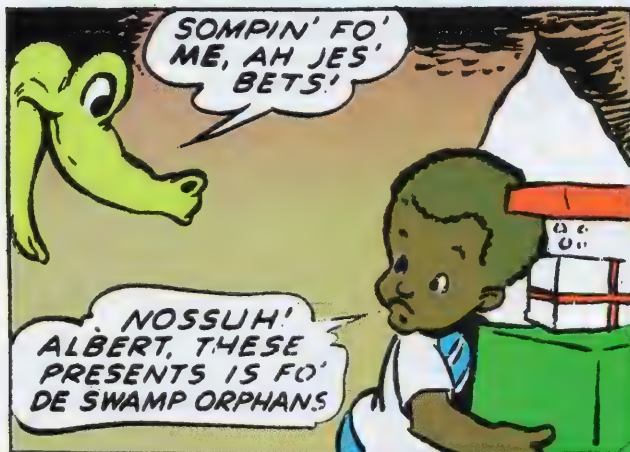
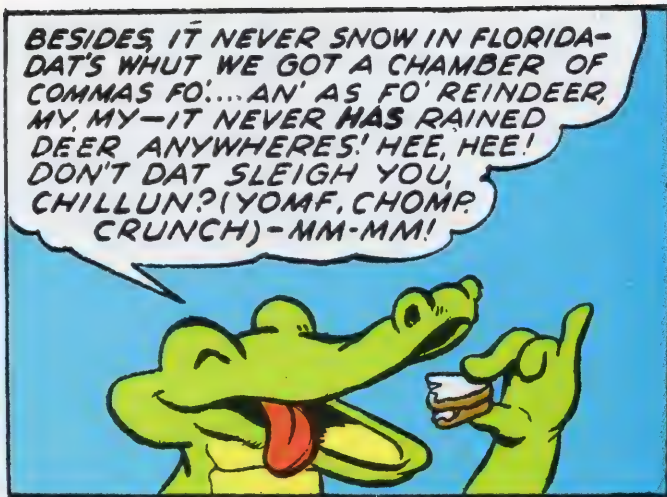
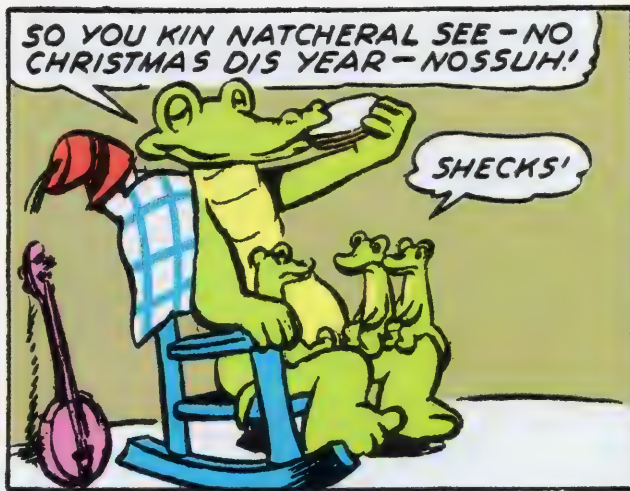


MY, MY! DE YOUNGER GEN'RATION IS
LEARNIN' FAS'-WHUT IS YOU' PROPOSITION,
LIL' NEPHEW BOY?

WELL, YOU IS A
WELL-EDUCATED
FELLER...







DAT GOT ALL DE EARMARKS
OF A DIRTY CRACK-BUT
AH'LL LET IT PASS BY

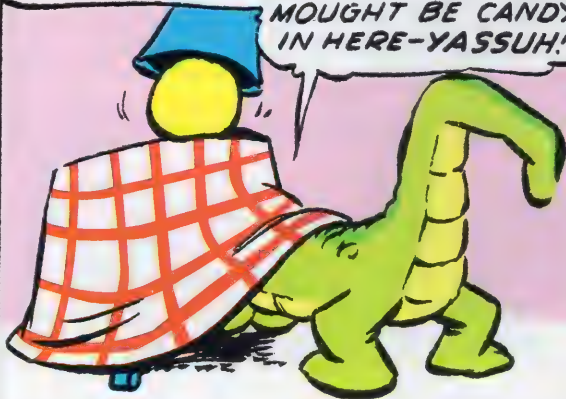


ALBERT

COME ON, BUMBAZINE! NOW
US GOTTA GO FIN' SOME-
BODY BIG ENOUGH TO
PLAY SANTY CLAWS AT
THE PARTY WE GIVIN'
FO' DE ORPHANS.



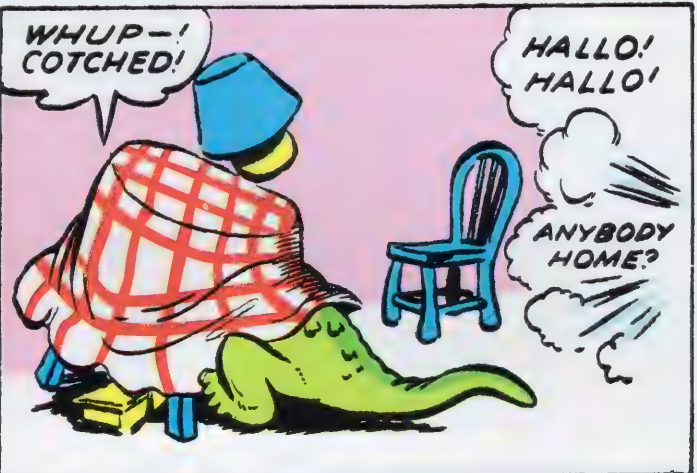
AH GUESS ALBERT ISN'T NO FOOL!
MOUGHT BE CANDY
IN HERE-YASSUH!



WHUP-!
COTCHED!

HALLO!
HALLO!

ANYBODY
HOME?



BLESS MA SOUL IF IT
ISN'T DE CHURCH MICE
FAMBLY!

AH, GOOD MORROW,
ALBERT! YAS, US IS DE
CHURCH MICE FAMBLY 'COUNT
OF DAT WHUT US IS POOR AS.



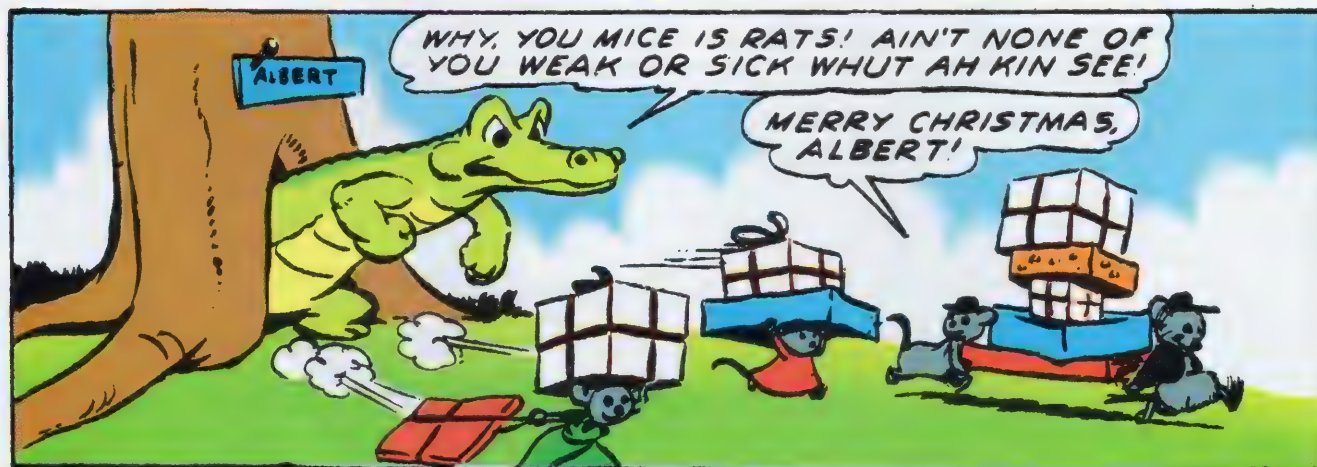
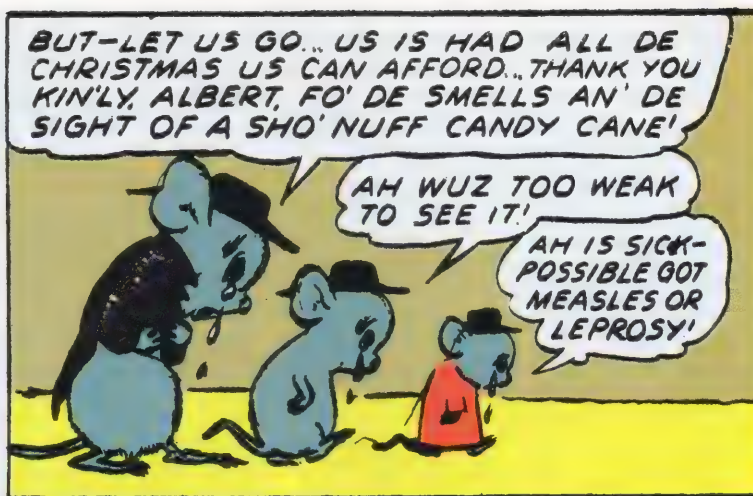
TIMES IS HARD, ALBERT, AN' US
CHURCH MICE IS FACIN' ANOTHER
CHRISTMAS WIFOUT A CRUMB
OF BREAD TWIXT OR TWEEN
THE FO' OF US!



SMELL DAT WUNNIFUL SMELL, MARIAH?
DAT IS CHRISTMAS COOKIE SMELL!

MM-
M!





LET'S SEE NOW... DAT SANTY
CLAUS WEAR A
RED SUIT-MMM-



AN' A
LONG
WHITE
BEARD...



SHO' IS
WONNERFUL
HOW A
HAN'SOME
FELLER KIN
WEAR
ANYTHING
ATALL AN'
LOOK GOOD!



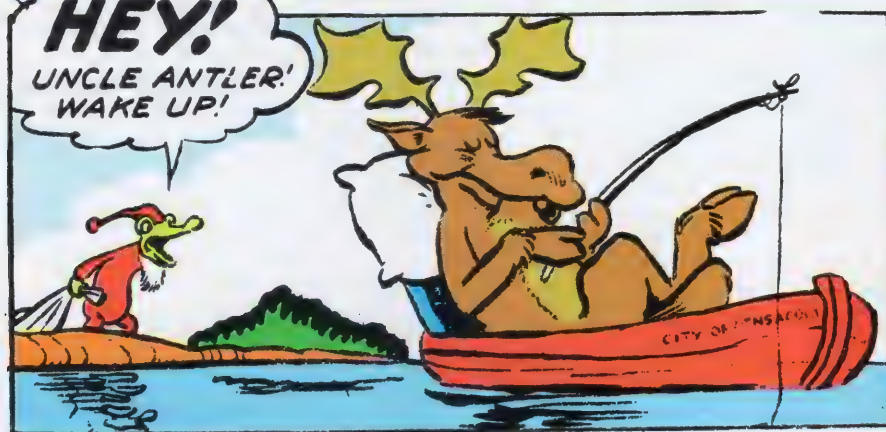
AH FILLS UP DE GUNNY SACK WIF
TREASURES F'UM MA BOYHOOD AN'
LIL SNACKS AH
WAS GONE EAT
FO' MA'SELF.



NOW AH WILL FIND MA
HATED ENEMY, UNCLE
ANTLER MOOSE, AND
ENLIST HIS
COOPERATION.



HEY!
UNCLE ANTLER!
WAKE UP!



I SWAN' RECKON SOME-
ONE MUST OF BLEW A
FERRYBOAT WHISTLE!



COME ON IN HERE, ANTLER!
US GONE PLAY SANTY CLAUS
AND HIS REINDEER FO' A
BUNCH OF SWAMP ORPHANS!



BLESS ME, ALBERT, BUT
IF YOU HADN'T USED THAT
FOGHORN VOICE OF YOURS
I WOULDN'T KNOW YOU!

SOME CLASS,
EH?



LONG AS THIS IS FOR
THE ORPHANS
I'LL DO IT—
BUT YOU
GOTTA SLIDE
DOWN THE
CHIMBLY!

WHAT!?



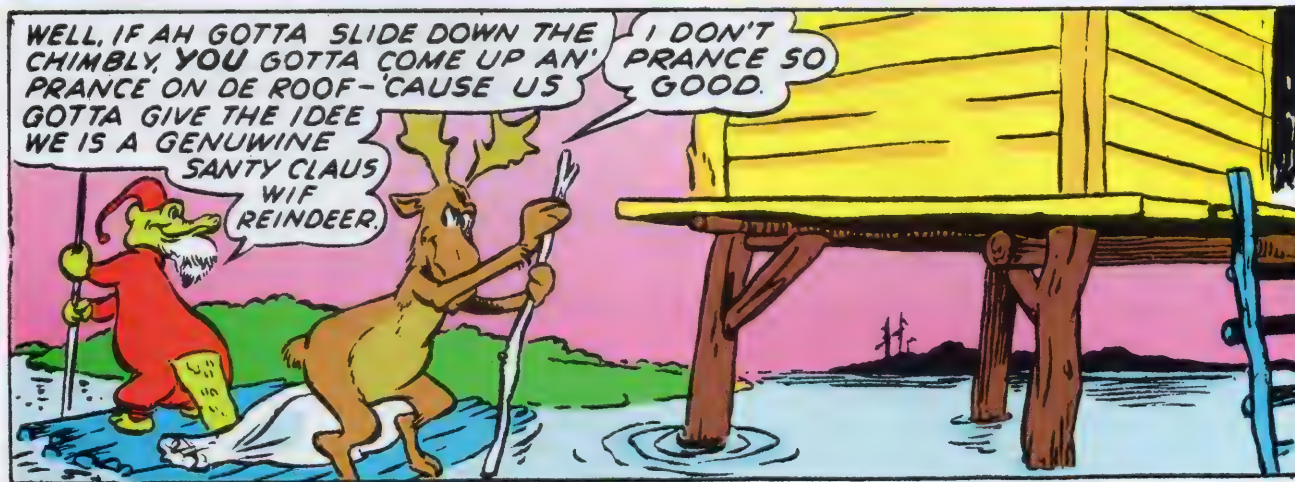
THERE YOU ARE! THAT'S WHERE
BUMBAZINE IS GIVIN TH' PARTY
FOR THE ORPHANS.



WELL, IF AH GOTTA SLIDE DOWN THE
CHIMBLY, YOU GOTTA COME UP AN'
PRANCE ON DE ROOF—'CAUSE US
GOTTA GIVE THE IDEE
WE IS A GENUWINE

SANTY CLAUS
WIF
REINDEER.

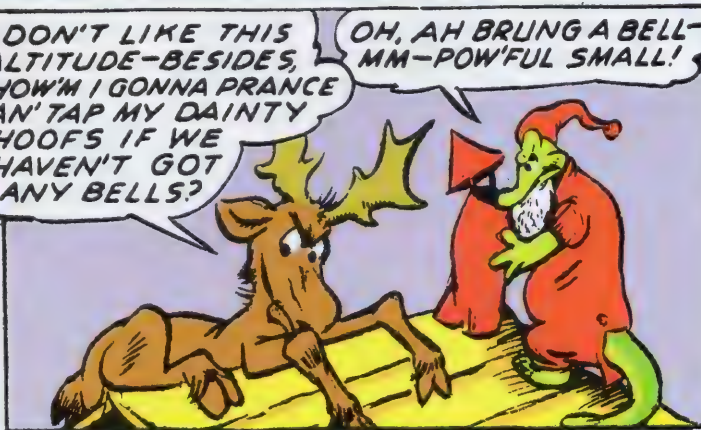
I DON'T
PRANCE SO
GOOD.

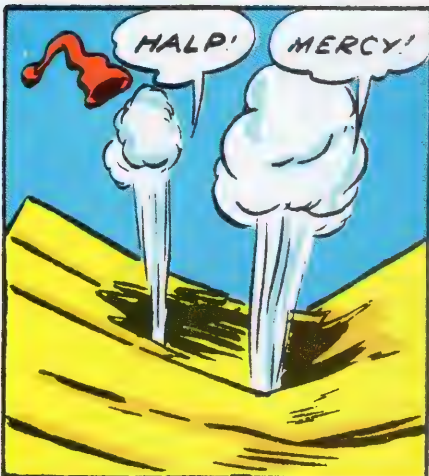


MAN, MAN! LOOK AT DE
SIZE OF DAT CHIMBLY!
AH CAINT FIT IN THERE!

I DON'T LIKE THIS
ALTITUDE—BESIDES,
HOW'M I GONNA PRANCE
AN' TAP MY DAINTY
HOOFES IF WE
HAVEN'T GOT
ANY BELLS?

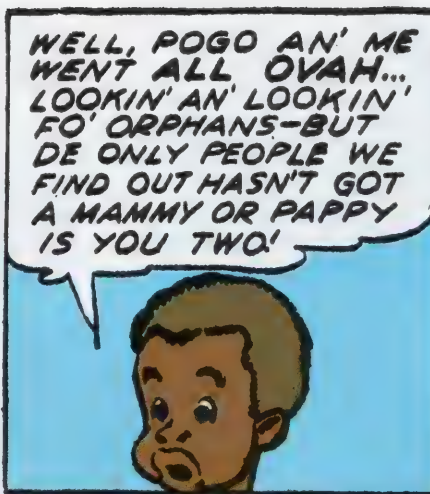
OH, AH BRUNG A BELL—
MM—POW'FUL SMALL!







WHUT YOU MEAN?



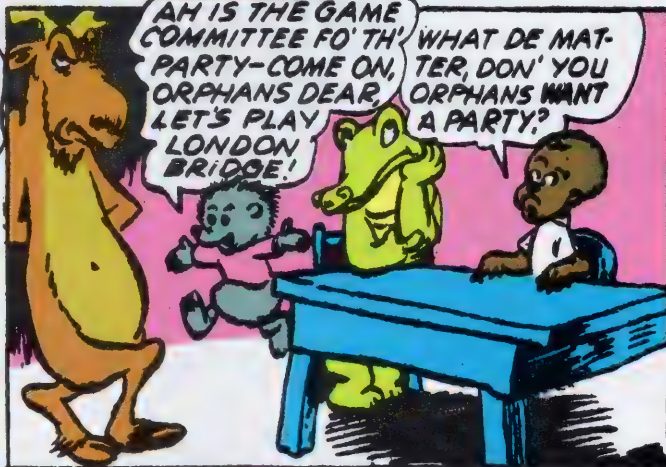
WELL, POGO AN' ME WENT ALL OVAH... LOOKIN' AN' LOOKIN' FO' ORPHANS-BUT DE ONLY PEOPLE WE FIND OUT HASN'T GOT A MAMMY OR PAPPY IS YOU TWO!



SO **MERRY CHRISTMAS**, DEAR ORPHANS!



WHY, YOU SALAMANDER! I BEEN PUT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE JES' FOR YOU! HOW 'BOUT ME? AH HAD TO STAN' FO' DISCOMFORT AN' HARDSHIP JES' FO' YOU!



AH IS THE GAME COMMITTEE FO' TH' PARTY-COME ON, ORPHANS DEAR, LET'S PLAY LONDON BRIDGE! WHAT DE MATTER, DON' YOU ORPHANS WANT A PARTY?



WELL, US WAS IN DE FRAME OF MIND TO BE GIVIN' A PARTY, AN' NOW WE IS GITTIN' ONE! AH PUSSONAL PREE-FERRED TH' FIRST ARRANGEMENT.



THET'S EXACTLY MY SENTIMENTS!



WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE TH' PRESENTS WE HID IN YOUR HOUSE TO YOU' NEPHEWS, TH' LI'L GATOR CHILLUN?

SHO'-RUN ALONG AN' DO THAT!



AW, I AWREADY GIVE 'EM TO THE CHURCH MICE FAMBL.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE!



HOW 'BOUT ALL THAT STUFF YOU PUT IN TH' SANTY CLAUS SACK--? WE COULD TAKE THAT OVER TO 'EM!

JES' SO LONG AS AH DON'T HAFTA BE A SANTY CLAWS!



ANIMAL

COMICS

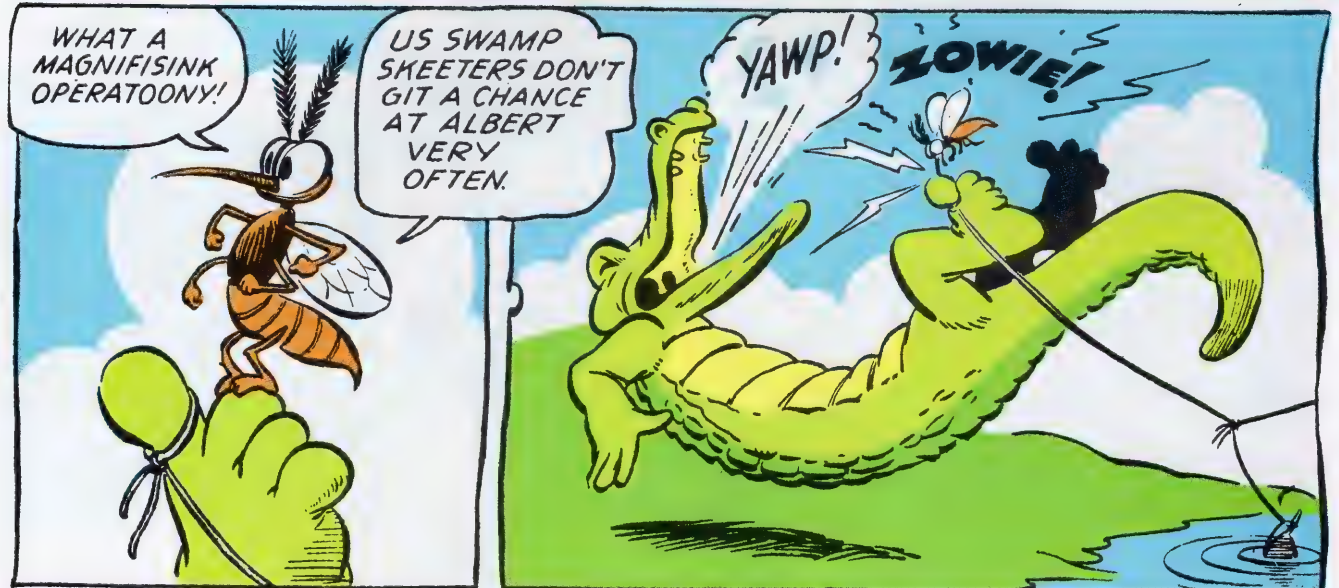
10¢

No. 13

FEB. - MAR.



Albert the Whaler







I KNOW HOW TO CATCH HIM! EITHER OF YOU BOYS KNOW ANYTHIN' 'BOUT WHALIN'?

DE MAN AXE A QUESTION, POGO

LISSEN AT US, ANTLER...



WHOOOOOOOO

WHEE YAWP

YAWP

WOW

WHEE

HOOOOIE



WHAT IN TUNKET IS THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO?

US WAS SHOWIN' YOU SOME FUST CLASS WAILIN'.

WE IS EXPERTS.



HUMPH! YOU WOULDN'T KNOW A WHALE IF YOU SAW ONE!

A WAILIN' OUTFIT?

I'M GOING TO GIT A WHALIN' OUTFIT AN' MAKE SOME MONEY.

AN' HE GONE MAKE MONEY.



I'LL SELL TEN TONS OF BLUBBER AN' BE A MILLIONAIRE!

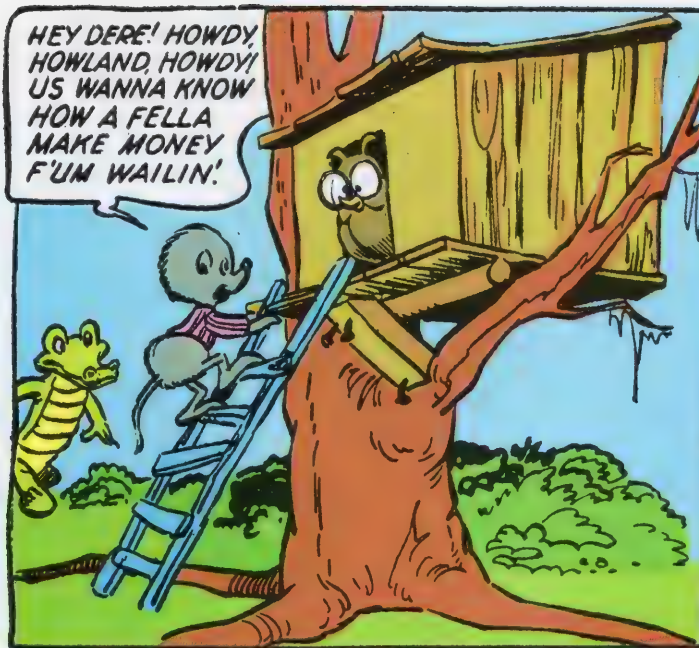


DERE'S A INGRATE! HE GONE BE A MILLYUMAIRE AN' HE WON'T CUT US IN!

US'LL BEAT HIM! US'LL OUT-WAIL AN' OUT-BLUBBER HIM!



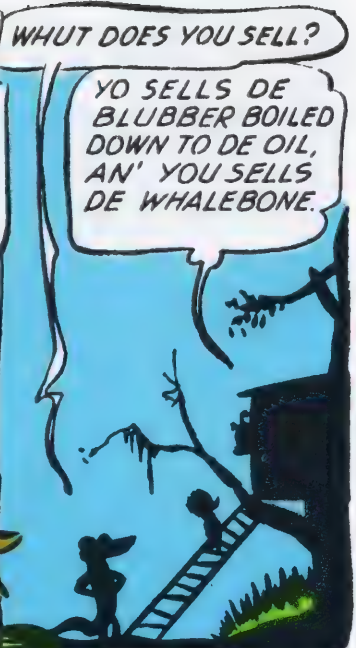
COME ON! US WILL GO SEE HOWLAND OWL... HE'LL KNOW HOW WE GO 'BOUT MAKIN' MONEY OUT OF WAILIN'..



HEY DERE! HOWDY,
HOWLAND, HOWDY!
US WANNA KNOW
HOW A FELLA
MAKE MONEY
F'UM WAILIN'!



FUST OFF YOU
NEEDS A WHALE
BOAT, AN' A
HARPOON, AN' A
POT FO' BOILIN'
UP DE BLUBBER.
ALSO, YOU IS
GOT TO KETCH
DE WHALE.



WHUT DOES YOU SELL?

YO SELLS DE
BLUBBER BOILED
DOWN TO DE OIL,
AN' YOU SELLS
DE WHALEBONE.



MAN, IT'S EXCITIN'! DE
HARPOON BOY TH'OWS DE
HARPOON-AN' HE HITS
DE WHALE! DE BOAT
ROCK AROUND-
MAN, MAN!



DEN DEY RUSH
AROUND CUTTIN'
UP DE WHALE AN'
GITTIN' BUCKETS
OF BLUBBER-



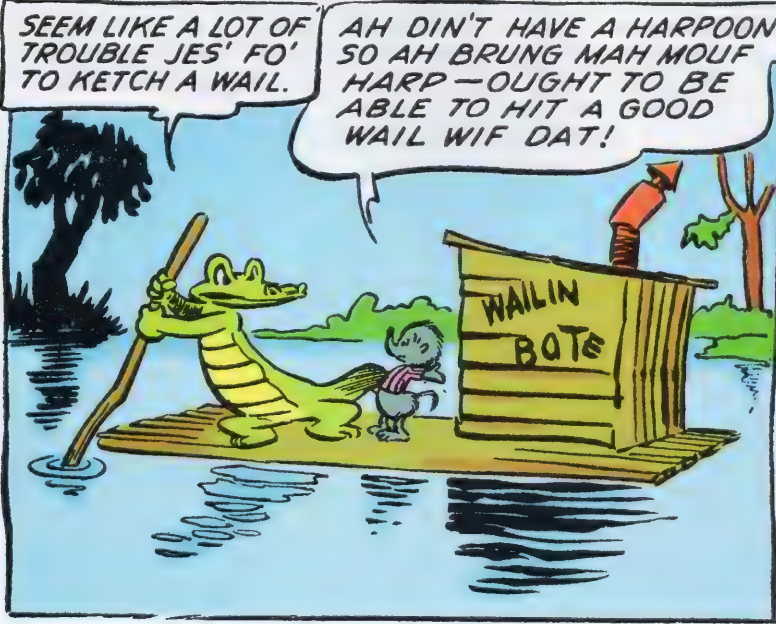
WELL, OF
COURSE
YOU KNOWS,
NOW!

SHOLY!



NOW WE IS GOT ALL
THE THINGS WE
NEEDS.

WE GONE
WAILIN'!

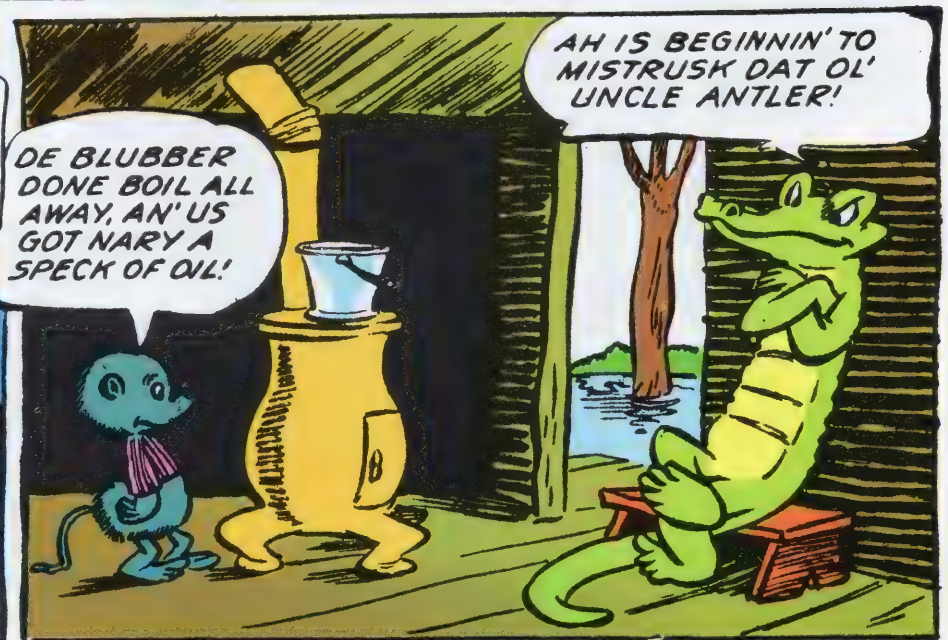


SEEM LIKE A LOT OF
TROUBLE JES' FO'
TO KETCH A WAIL.

AH DIN'T HAVE A HARPOON
SO AH BRUNG MAH MOUF
HARP- OUGHT TO BE
ABLE TO HIT A GOOD
WAIL WIF DAT!

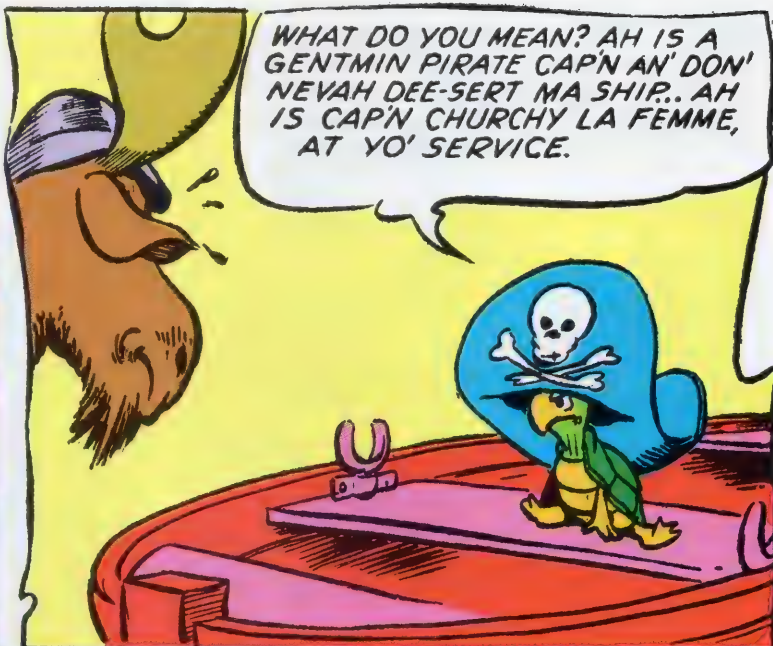


NOW WHEN AH HITS A WAIL
WIF DE MOUF HARP YOU
CLAPS DE PAIL OVER IT.





SHECKS! HERE I AM, ALL SET
FOR WHALIN'
AN' THE CAPN
OF THE BOAT
I HIRED ISN'T
ANYWHERE
AROUND!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? AH IS A
GENTMIN PIRATE CAPN AN' DON'
NEVAH DEE-SERT MA SHIP.. AH
IS CAPN CHURCHY LA FEMME,
AT YO' SERVICE.



IS WHALIN'
ANYTHIN' LIKE
PIRATIN'?

WHALIN'
IS
MORE REFINED.

DON'T GIT SO UPPITY
OR AH'LL KEEL-
HAUL YOU-HORNS
AN' ALL!

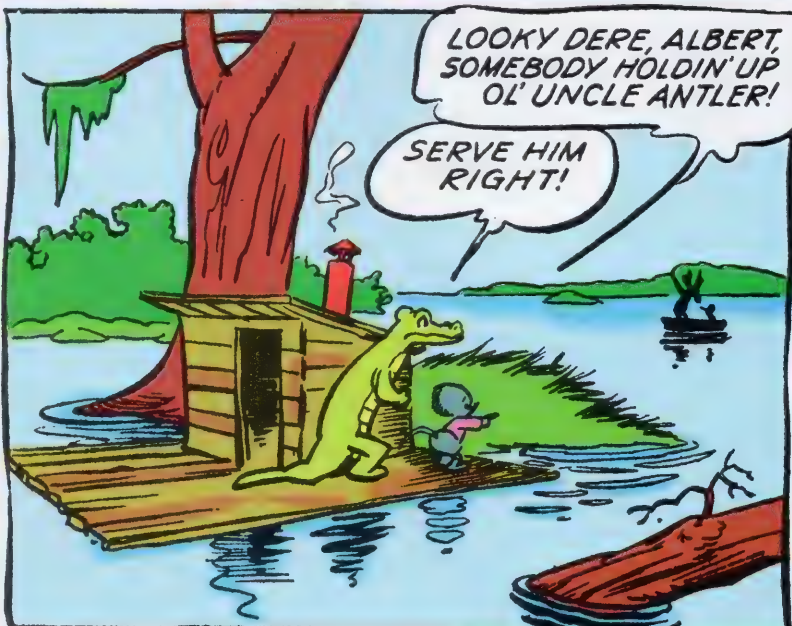


AH GOT
A MIND
TO PUT
YO'IN ARNS
FO MUNITY!

YOU
MEAN
MUTINY.

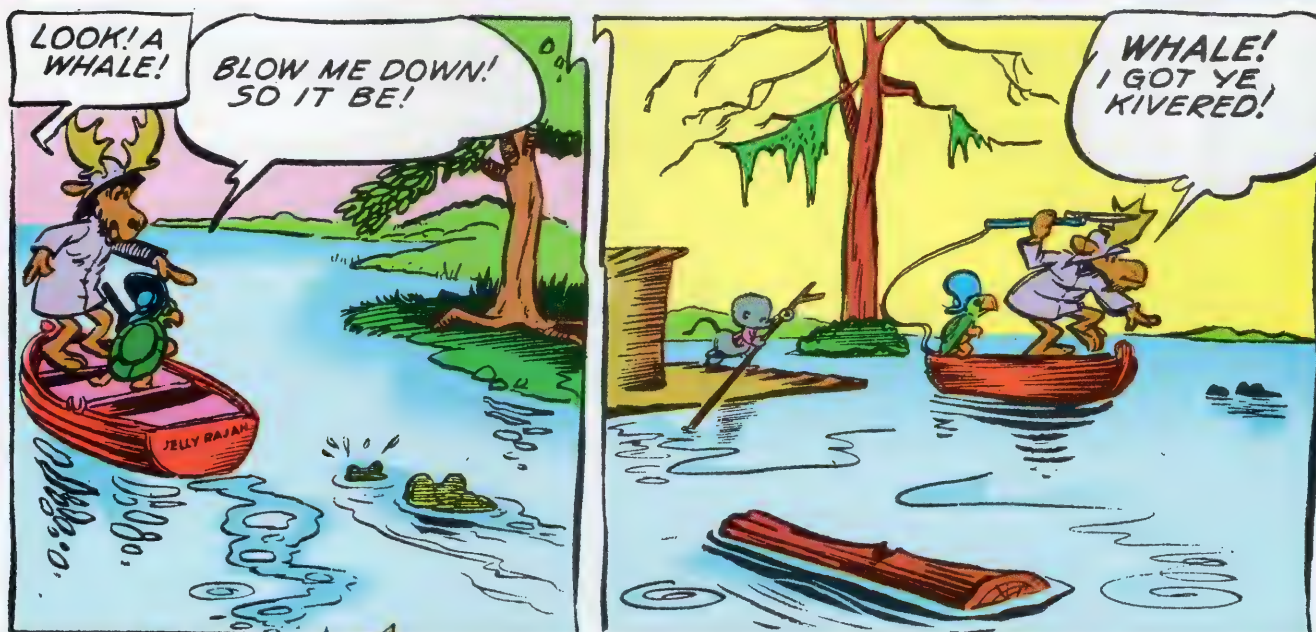


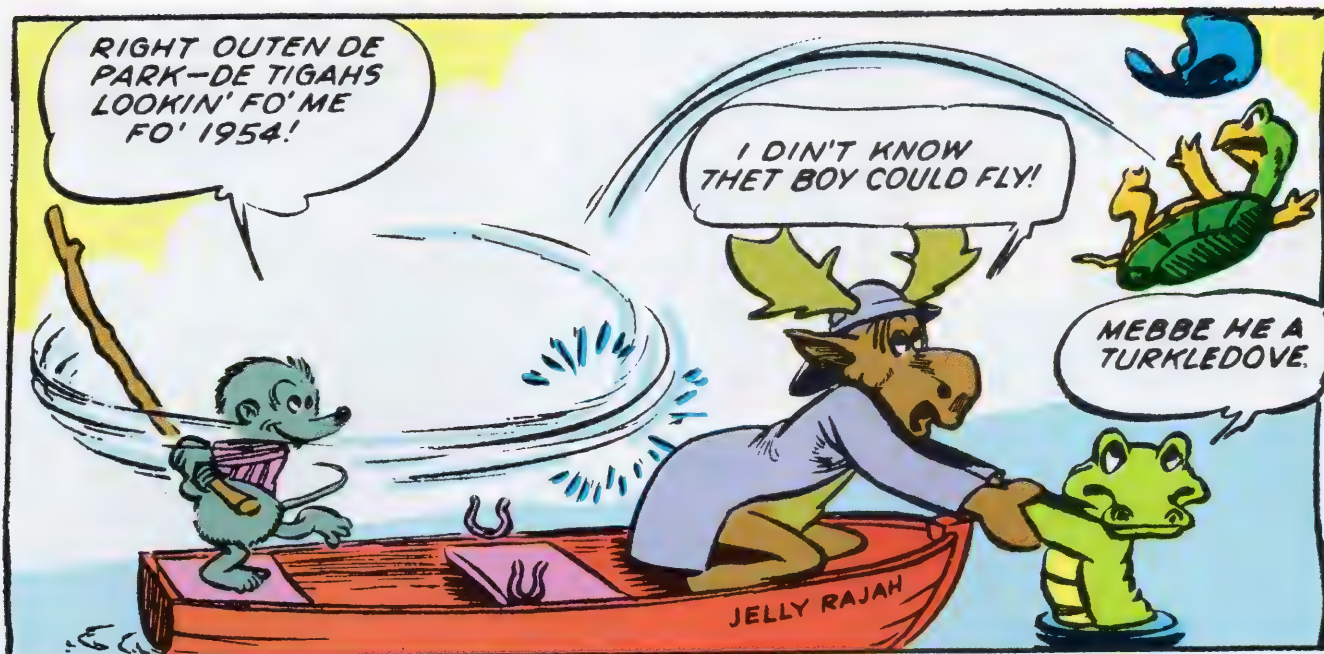
YO' ADMITS IT!
YO' DAWG! PUT
UP YO' HANDS!



LOOKY DERE, ALBERT,
SOMEBODY HOLDIN' UP
OL' UNCLE ANTLER!

SERVE HIM
RIGHT!





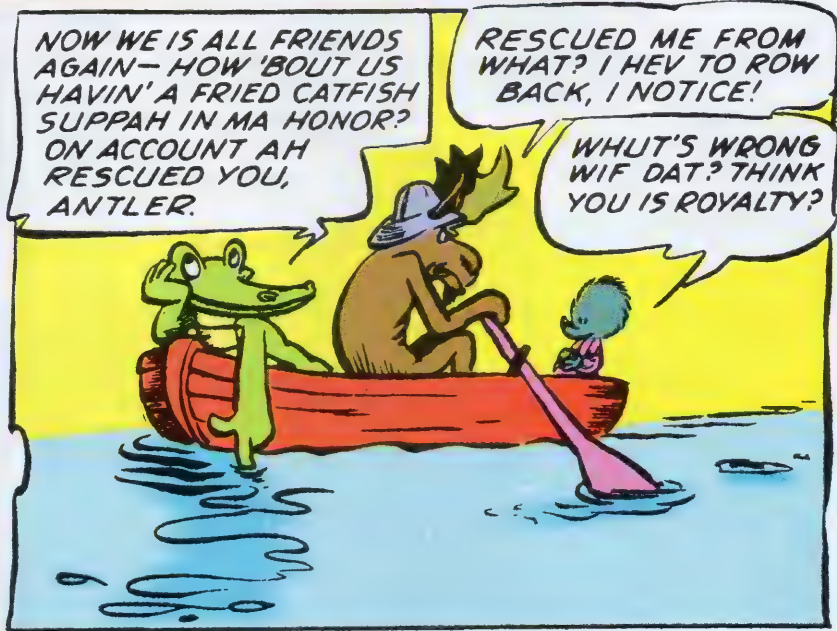
RIGHT OUTEN DE
PARK-DE TIGAHS
LOOKIN' FO' ME
FO' 1954!

I DIN'T KNOW
THET BOY COULD FLY!

MEBBE HE A
TURKLEDOVE.



DAT'S DE WAY WIF
FOLKS-YO' CAIN'T
DEPEND ON 'EM!
DAT LI'L POSSUM
LOOK HARMLESS
AS A BUTTERFLY!



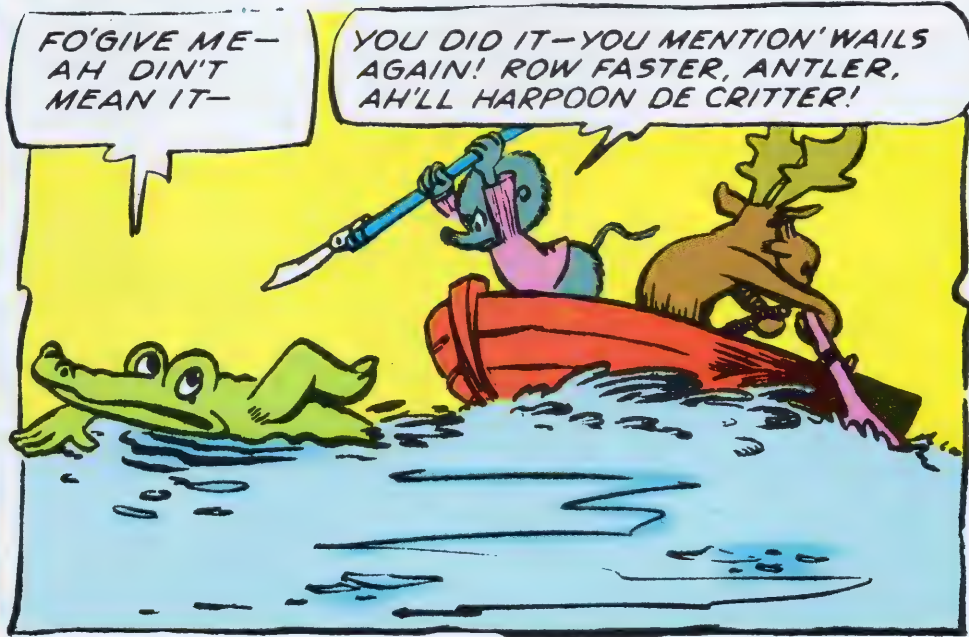
NOW WE IS ALL FRIENDS
AGAIN-HOW 'BOUT US
HAVIN' A FRIED CATFISH
SUPPAH IN MA HONOR?
ON ACCOUNT AH
RESCUED YOU,
ANTLER.

RESCUED ME FROM
WHAT? I HEV TO ROW
BACK, I NOTICE!

WHUT'S WRONG
WIF DAT? THINK
YOU IS ROYALTY?



SHO!-MOUGHT
THINK YOU WAS
DE PRINCE OF
WALES, OR
SUMFIN'-!



FO'GIVE ME-
AH DIN'T
MEAN IT-

YOU DID IT-YOU MENTION' WAILS
AGAIN! ROW FASTER, ANTLER,
AH'LL HARPOON DE CRITTER!

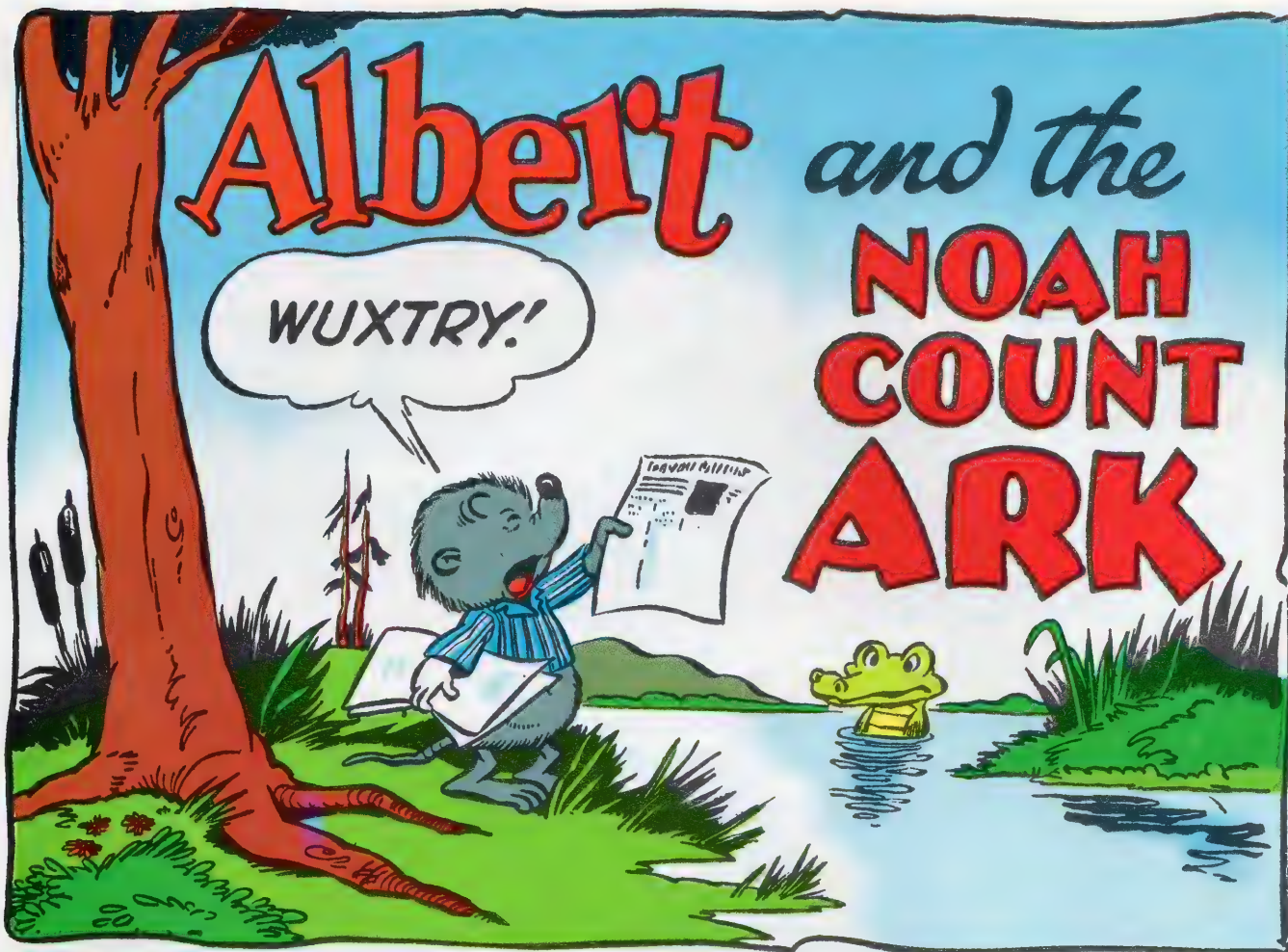
ANIMAL



10¢

No. 14
APRIL - MAY





WHAT YOU HOLLERIN' "WUXTRY"
FO' POGO? WHAT IS
WUXTRY? WHAT IT
MEAN?



WHY, "WUXTRY" IS WHAT US POSSUM PAPER
BOYS HOLLERS WHEN US IS SELLIN' DE
DAILY PAPER.



DAT IS MARKABLE
AN' REMARKABLE—
WHAT DE PAPER
SAY?



DISH YERE IS DE BAYOU BUGLE.
IT SAY RAIN COMIN'.

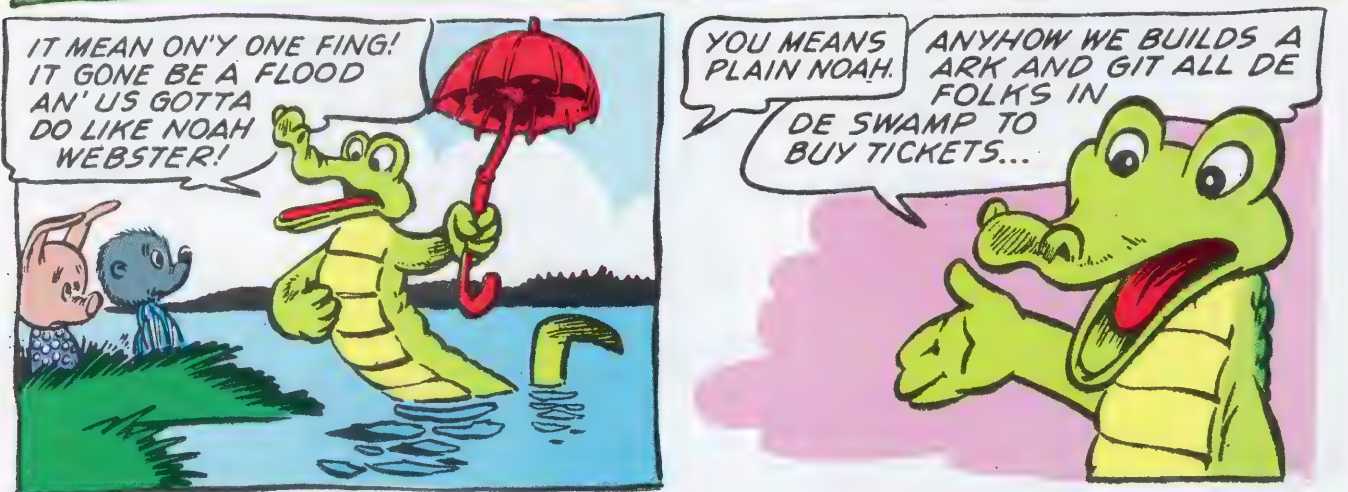


AND HERE IS DE MUDFLAT MOAN.
IT SAY IT GONNA RAIN, TOO.



HMM—SOUN' LIKE
WE GONNA GIT A
STORM.





MAN, MAN! WE BE MILLYUMAIRES IN NO TIME—AH WILL HAVE DE SEEGARS AN' SOFT DRINK CONCESSION ABOARD DIS ARK AN' YOU, POGO, KIN—

ALBERT, YOU IS A DISGRACE!

US GOTTA BE HUMANE! WE GOTTA SAVE DESE FOLKS!

NO TICKETS?

NO TICKETS!—HEY, LOOKY DERE! DAT OL' SCOW IS JES' DE ARK WE NEED!

WELL LOOKY! MA OL' FREN'S, POGO AN' ALBERT! WHAT DEVILMENT DEY UP TO NOW?

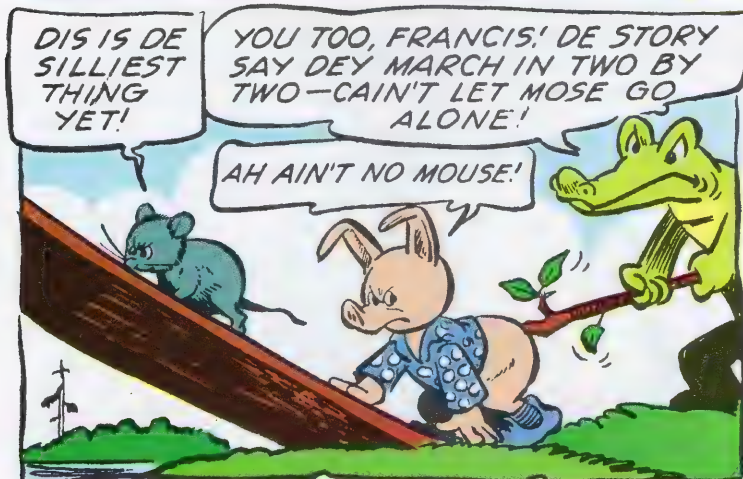
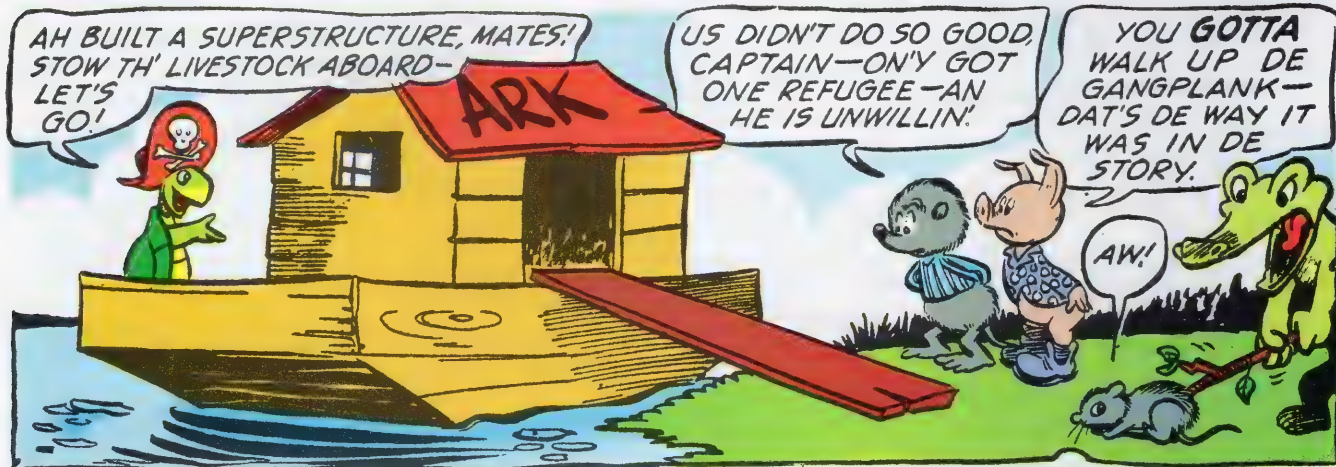
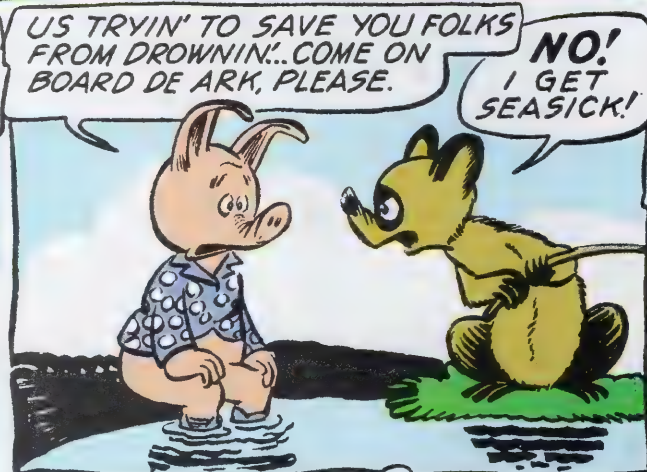
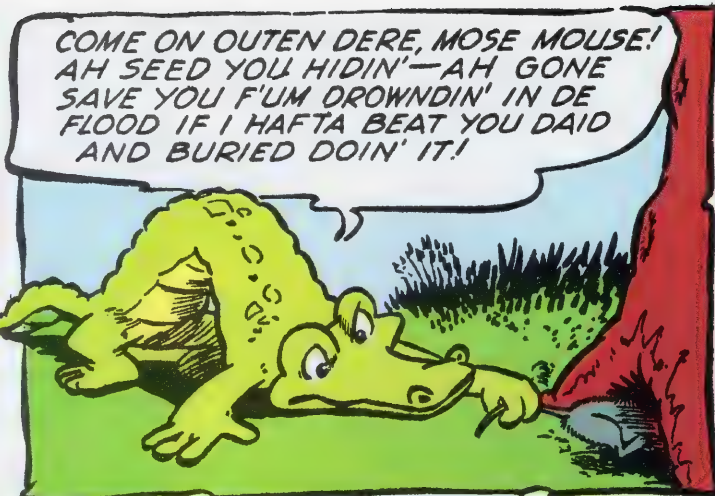
AN' IT'S CAPTAIN CHURCHY LA FEMME, DE PIRATE AN' GEN'L HANDY MAN, AT DE HELM!

CHURCHY, DOES YOU KNOW WE GONE HAVE A FLOOD? US GOTTA GIT ALL DE SWAMP FOLKS INTO YOU BOAT TO SAVE 'EM!

WELL, DON'T STAN' ROUN' WIF YOU JAWS HANGIN' LOOSE—GIT GOIN' GIT DE PEOPLE—AH WILL BE CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONAH, DE MAN WHAT FERRIES DE FOLKS TO MOUNT VERNON.

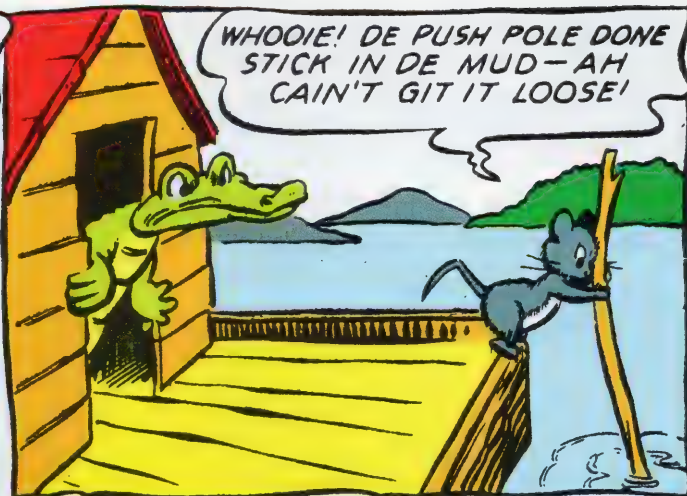
ACTUAL YOU MEANS YOU WILL BE NOAH—AN' YOU WILL TAKE 'EM TO MOUNT ARARAT... BUT US WILL GIT GOIN' AFTER DE REFUGEES.

HEY, YOU BUGS! GIT ON BOARD DE ARK—OL' FLOOD GONE DROWN YOU UP!





FUST CHANCE AH GIT AH GONE DEE-SERT
DIS SHIP-AH BEEN
SHANGHAID!

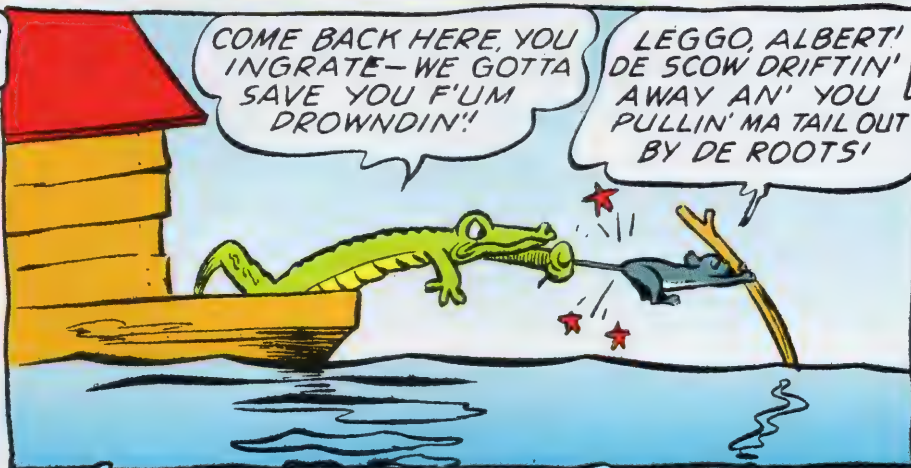


WHOOIE! DE PUSH POLE DONE
STICK IN DE MUD-AH
CAIN'T GIT IT LOOSE!



HA-AH CAUGHT YOU IN
DE ACK OF DEE-SERTIN'!

AH ISN'T! AH
IS STUCK!



COME BACK HERE, YOU
INGRATE-WE GOTTA
SAVE YOU F'UM
DROWNDIN'!

LEGGO, ALBERT!
DE SCOW DRIFTIN'
AWAY AN' YOU
PULLIN' MA TAIL OUT
BY DE ROOTS!

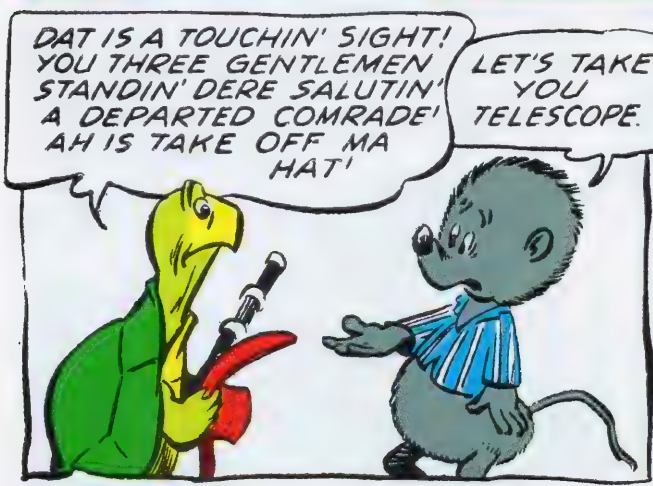


WHOOH! YOU SLIP THROUGH
MA FINGERS!

!MOM

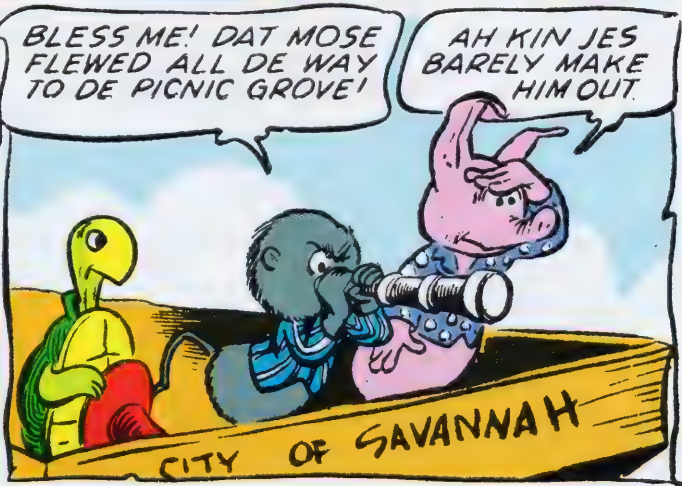


OUR
WORD!



DAT IS A TOUCHIN' SIGHT!
YOU THREE GENTLEMEN
STANDIN' DERE SALUTIN'
A DEPARTED COMRADE!
AH IS TAKE OFF MA
HAT!

LET'S TAKE
YOU
TELESCOPE.



BLESS ME! DAT MOSE
FLEWED ALL DE WAY
TO DE PICNIC GROVE!

AH KIN JES
BARELY MAKE
HIM OUT.

CITY OF SAVANNAH

LOOK DERE! A WHOLE MESS OF REFUGEES
A RUNNIN' FO' HIGH GROUN'- AN' DE
PICNIC GROUNDS IS DE HIGHEST.

BUT DEY IS
DOOMED!



DEY IS DOOMED ALL RIGHT, CAUSE
DE WAY MA FEETS HURT, WE
GONE GIT A DELUGE IN 'BOUT
THREE MINUTES!

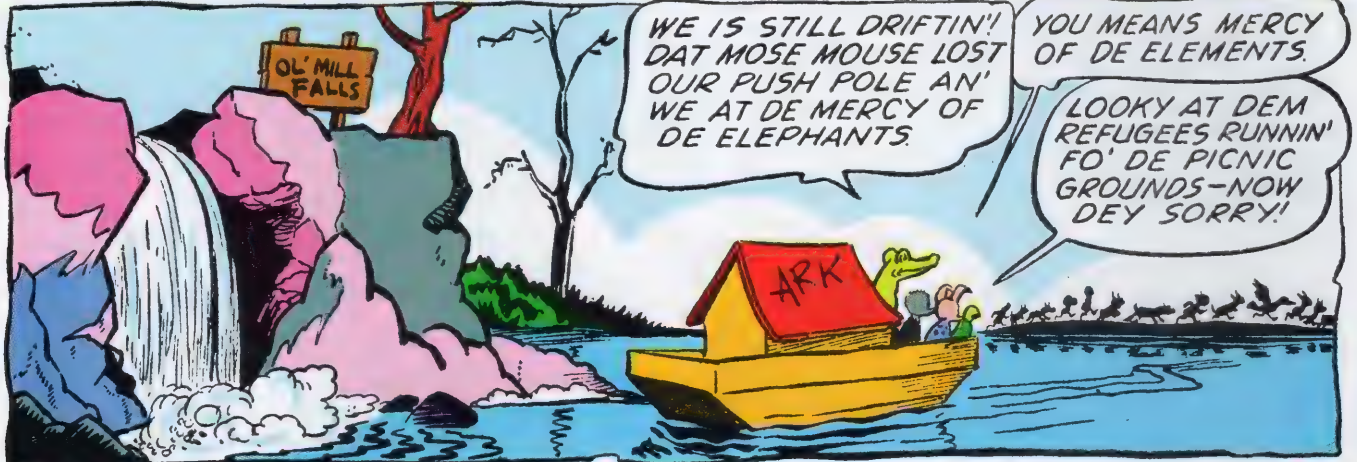
GOSH!



WE IS STILL DRIFTIN!
DAT MOSE MOUSE LOST
OUR PUSH POLE AN'
WE AT DE MERCY OF
DE ELEPHANTS.

YOU MEANS MERCY
OF DE ELEMENTS.

LOOKY AT DEM
REFUGEES RUNNIN'
FO' DE PICNIC
GROUNDS-NOW
DEY SORRY!



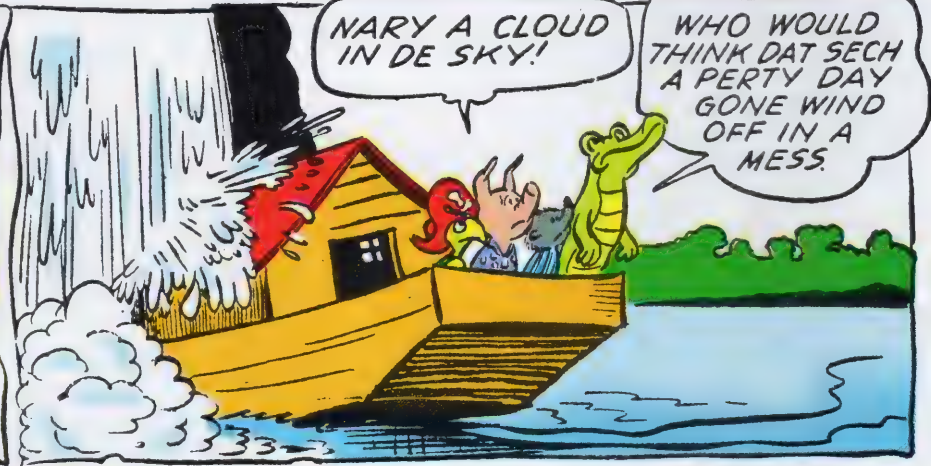
ROAR!
ROAR!

MA NAUTICAL
EARS HEAR
DE ROARIN'
OF MIGHTY
WATERS!



NARY A CLOUD
IN DE SKY!

WHO WOULD
THINK DAT SECH
A PERTY DAY
GONE WIND
OFF IN A
MESS.



WOWP!

RUN FO' DE
CABIN' DE DEE-
LUGE IS UPON
US!

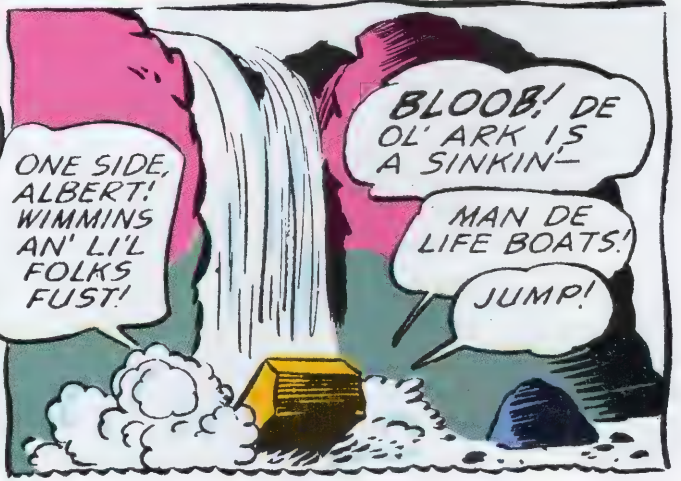


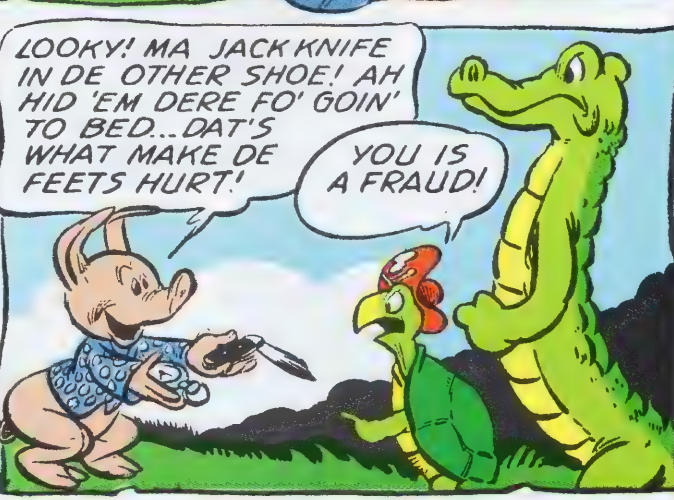
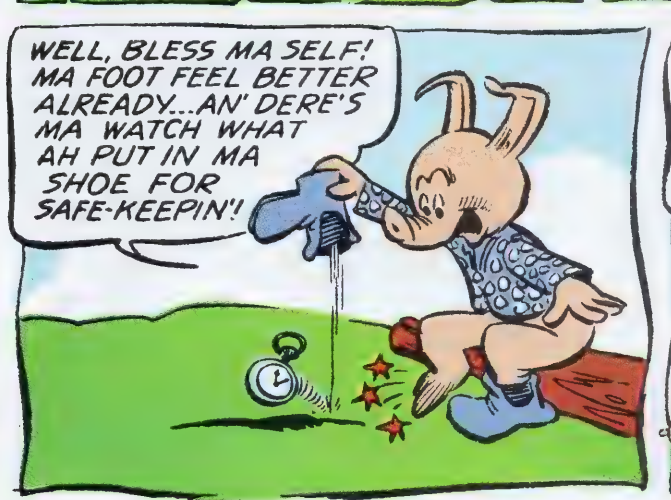
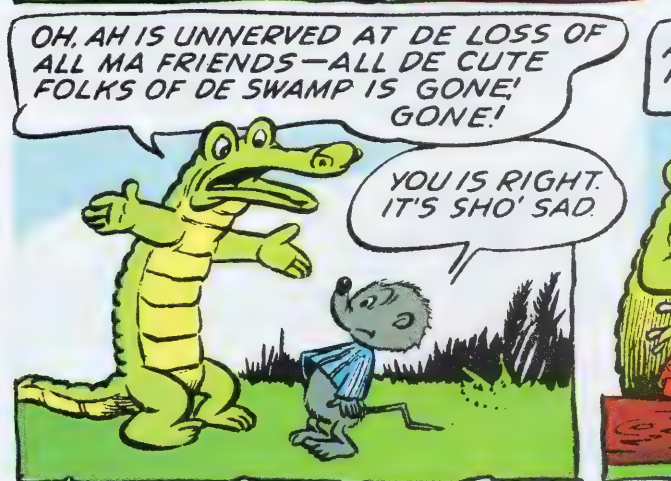
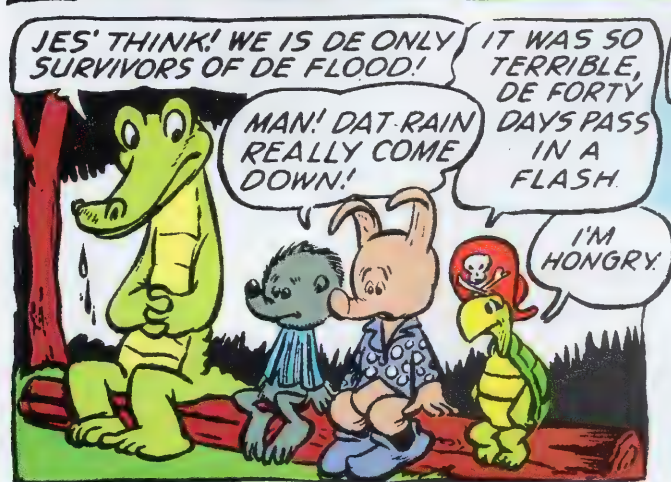
ONE SIDE,
ALBERT!
WIMMINS
AN' LI'L
FOLKS
FUST!

BLOOB! DE
OL' ARK IS
A SINKIN'-

MAN DE
LIFE BOATS!

JUMP!





WAIT A MINUTE... FRANCIS
MEBBE MADE A MISTAKE.
HIS WEATHER FO'CAST
WASN'T SIGNTIFFICK! **BUT**
HE DIDN'T HARM NUFFIN—
REMEMBER DE PAPERS...

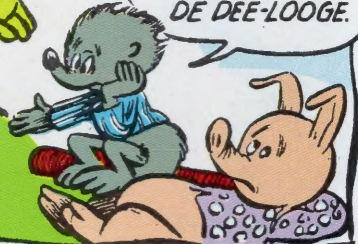


YEH, BUT IT DON'T
LOOK LIKE DEY'S BEEN
A FLOOD...



CAIN'T GIT AWAY F'UM
DE FACK DE LAND
IS DEE-SERTED,
NO SURVIVORS
BUT US.

AN
REMEMBER
DE DEE-LOOGE.



WHY, LOOK! IT'S MOSE MOUSE!
AN' LOOKIN' WELL-FED, TOO!
HOW YOU SURVIVE DE
FLOOD?



WHAT FLOOD?
YOU FELLAS
WAS AND IS
CRAZY!

AH GOT FLUNG CLEAR TO DE PICNIC
GROUN'S AN' ARRIVED IN TIME TO
TAKE PART IN DE ANNUAL CLAMBAKE
AND PER-LOO OF DE FEARLESS
FRIENDS OF DE FRIENDLY FISH
FRY FRATERNITY! **EVERYBODY**
BUT YOU GENTS WAS
DERE! NOW EVERY-
THING IS ET AN'
AH GOIN' HOME.



AN' IT DIN'T
RAIN ATTAWL?

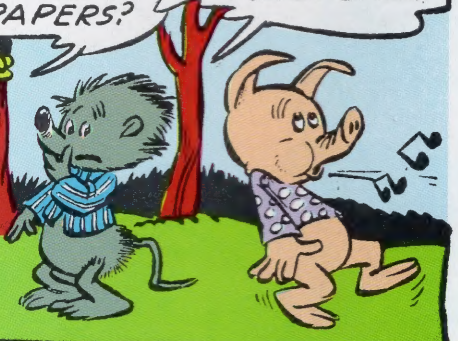


NOT
ATTAWL!

YOU TWO IS RESPONSIBLE! YOU
PREDICTS RAIN AN' US MISS
DE FISH FRY! POGO, WHERE YOU
GIT DEM
PAPERS?



WELL, AH FIND
'EM IN UNCLE
POSSIBLE POSSUM'S
CARPET BAG...



AN' MOST WAS DATED
1923—'CEPT ONE
WAS FO' APRIL 3,
1906—GOO'BYE,
FOLKS!



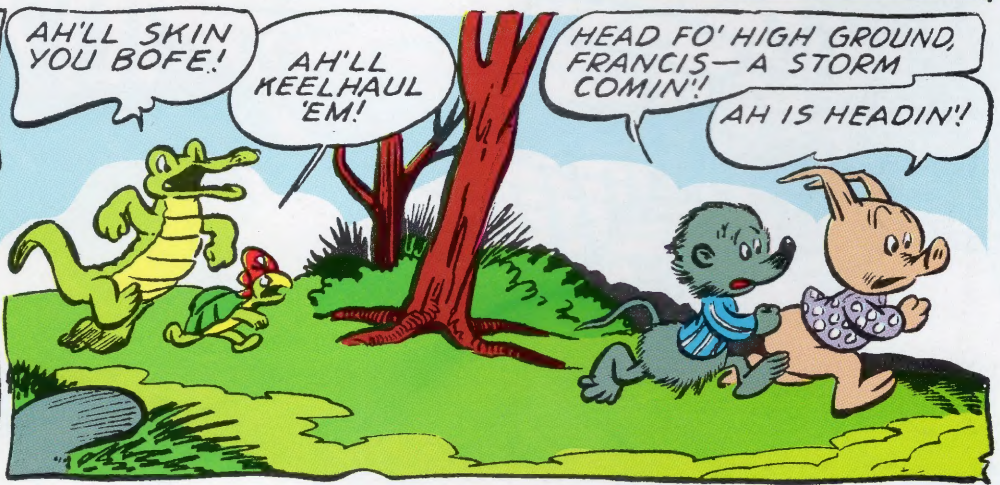
AH'LL SKIN
YOU BOFE!

AH'LL
KEELHAUL
'EM!



HEAD FO' HIGH GROUND,
FRANCIS—A STORM
COMIN'!

AH IS HEADIN'!







"All cartoonists glowed in 'Pogo's' success.

It was proof of the superiority of cartoonists over writers who can't draw and artists who can't write — two classes who are respected more than we are."

— AL CAPP (*L'il Abner*)

"Walt was a paragon of the comic page."

— JOHNNY HART (*The Wizard of Id* and *BC*)

"Walt Kelly has an extraordinary presence. He was a guide and teacher to us all. He combined a unique gift for language, a remarkable ability to create complex and clearly defined characters

living in a very real/fantasy

world and the courage to

plunge into political

satire, which he did

often and brilliantly,

during a time when all

but one or two of his

contemporaries were

quaking in terror."

— JULES FEIFFER

